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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING  
ILLUSTRATED  
SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1885.

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A MASQUERADE ON SKATES.

THE LATEST PHASE OF THE ALL-CONQUERING CRAZE OF ROLLER-RINKING AS ILLUSTRATED IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.





RICHARD K. FOX, - Editor and Proprietor.  
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
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### LET THERE BE NO MISTAKE.

It is amusing to see the strained and malignant construction put by some of our more or less esteemed contemporaries on the frank and candid statement of his views and purposes with regard to the Ryan and Sullivan match, made in a recent number of this paper by Richard K. Fox. It will be remembered that when it was made plain that the entire press of the country sincerely believed that the match was to be, actually, a prize fight, and when the officers of the law, acted upon by the press, began to take steps which would have brought disaster and humiliation, no matter how undesired, upon all concerned, Mr. Fox gracefully bowed to the impending storm (none of it of his own raising) and went in out of the cold, so to speak.

Upon which Blanche, Tray, Sweetheart and all the rest of the hungry and envious pack thought they had smelled out a "big thing," and set up a howl compared with which the cry of a half-starved wolf would sound like cheerful music.

As a matter of fact, to make Mr. Fox's position plain and clear, he has not withdrawn the eighth of an inch from his original relation to sport. He will do to-morrow what he did last year, and the same business will be carried on here in the future that has distinguished this office in the past. Matches can be made, stakes deposited and articles signed—precisely as they used to be.

There are some foolish and thick-witted people to whom this plain explanation is necessary and due. There are, however, thousands of others who can see which way the cat jumps without being presented with a diagram of her motions, and a double-bared opera-glass through which to watch the leap.

THE report might as well come off. When the man for whose death they are waiting goes to the window and tells them good morning it is time to adjourn. Gen. Grant may attend the funerals of several able journalists yet.

LORD TENNYSON has written three verses of sea doggerel on the reported inefficiency of the British fleet. If the condition of the British fleet is as bad as the poetry we do not wonder that England hesitates about going to war.

FRANCE got so much glory out of the Chinese fiasco that it is burning to knock the chip off John Bull's head. It knows that Ireland is treading on his coat-tail, while the Russian Bear is right in front sitting up on its haunches n'aking faces.

A GROCER at Fort Worth, Texas, lately sent President Cleveland a monster cabbage-head, weighing twenty-one pounds, and the President is in a quandary as to whether it was a genuine tribute of admiration or intended to cast asparagus on his massive head.

HER son having visited Ireland and been struck with an onion, Queen Victoria is said to have determined to visit the distressed isle next autumn. She will probably have her footmen seize and keep all vegetables showered upon her. They will come handy for soup.

A TWENTY-DOLLAR Confederate note was passed on a Chinese merchant in Portland, Oregon, last week. It was difficult for the Police Justice to make him understand that the note was not a forgery, but simply worthless. He had never heard of the Lost Cause.

Next week we shall give an entire page to baseball and the race-track. Each department will be treated in a manner calculated to surprise as well as delight every reader of this paper.

GEN. GRANT had an easy night. Rev. Dr. Newman left at 10:30 o'clock.

CHARLES DICKENS' son was not killed as reported. Only one policeman was killed.

GLADSTONE wants the English public to get adjusted to the inevitable war by degrees.

EL MAHDI has shrunk to insignificant proportions since Komaroff appeared on the stage.

THE London Times is in favor of pushing the preparations for war—crowding the bluff, so to speak.

A NEW YORK woman has just given birth to four boys. New York gets all the good births this year.

MISSOURI is in danger of a drought. Gov. Marmaduke threatens to shut off her supply of Rainwater.

OF all the old warriors now in the field only two have ever won decisive victories—Komaroff and Miss Sweet.

COL. MAPLESON has not yet been ordered by her majesty's government to mobilize. War cannot be imminent.

THE usurper Barrios was shot by a sharp-shooter, and the sharpshooter never fired a shot which did more good.

WHEN Minister Phelps assumes his duties at the Court of St. James he and Tennyson can swap each other's poems.

BOYD, of Winchester, is the best poker-player in Kentucky. He couldn't see any fun in a \$3,000 consulate and no fees.

ROCHESTER'S mayor does not like the idea of running his office on a salary of \$500 a year. Nobody will find fault with him for that.

BUDDENSIEK, the shoddy builder, of New York city, has a good show for handling building material in the future in the Sing Sing stone quarry.

THE Manitoba rebellion has not been stamped out yet, and probably will not be until the Canadian government opens its sack and pays Riel to quit.

THE Mormons have sixty-three elders at work in the South Atlantic States, and 700 converts will be sent West this year. What a sad harvest this will be.

SOME parties in Buffalo stole an organ from the Church of the Messiah in broad daylight. And yet Buffalo complains it doesn't receive distinction enough.

IT is said in large type that France wants to fight. Let her whip China first, and then Bismarck may give her a little attention. The Bonapartes are dead.

A MAN in Pennsylvania has fourteen marriageable daughters. The youngest will get married, and then the rest can lay their failure to the unlucky number.

THE blowhards in Panama who shout "the Americans must go" should be told that the Americans have come to stay until the trouble is over. The marines will.

A MAN by the name of Lush has been recently admitted to the St. Paul bar. We should think that such a name as that would secure admittance to any bar in the State.

A DEAD-BEAT has been passing himself off in Louisville, Ky., as Frank James. He was the recipient of an unlimited number of drinks and cigars until the police exposed him.

GRANT is going to the Catskills this summer. If, without waiting as long as Rip Van Winkle, he comes back restored to health, the public will forgive and forget the doctors.

A CORRESPONDENT sends in this poser to the Kansas City Times: "How many are a pair of twins?" The Times is better qualified to answer as to the value of a pair of jacks.

A BROOKLYN minister, the Rev. Chas. H. Hall, now asserts that the body of the millionaire, Stewart, was never stolen. Those Brooklyn ministers are nothing if not sensational.

MRS. GARFIELD has an estate of \$100,000, and an income of \$16,000 exclusive of the \$3,000 pension given her by the people. She can get along on that quite comfortably without marrying.

THE temperance fanatics in Portland, Me., are having a terrible time in repressing the evils of liquor. The more stringent the vigilance of the reformers is made the more drunkenness prevails.

Next week we shall give an entire page to baseball and the race-track. Each department will be treated in a manner calculated to surprise as well as delight every reader of this paper.

THAT banner funkist and boat-sawyer, Chas. E. Courtney, has begun to figure again in the papers, but he is overshadowed by a greater man in his own line—William E. Gladstone, of England.

GEN. KOMAROFF, if the wood-cuts of him are correct, resembles greatly Editor Dana, of the Sun. If there is anything in phrenology this likeness may account for Komaroff's great aggressiveness.

JAY GOULD is said to have two sticks of peppermint candy put on his desk every morning. Since the newspapers and the public decline to give him taffy, Jay probably thinks he will have to taffy himself.

GEN. GRANT'S indomitable will, together with favorable conditions, seems apt to prove too much for the disease which was eating at his life, and for a time longer at least we will have him still with us.

It is alleged that "Dr." Levi Wilson who has been bleeding Moen, the Worcester millionaire, to the tune of almost a million dollars, by blackmail, is a son of his, whose maternity it is to Moen's interest to conceal.

A GENTLEMAN in New South Wales, who is a devoted admirer of Gov. Marmaduke, has sent that distinguished statesman a coop of game chickens. This is a delicate compliment to the chief industry of Missouri.

It is said that several prominent politicians have been taken in by an office-vender in Washington, D. C. Served them right, and more's the pity their names were not included in this report; they'd be attractive.

THE clergyman of St. John's parish in Worcester, Mass., wants the saloons in the neighborhood of the church closed on Sunday, on the ground that two of the deacons of the church are led into temptation by their presence.

It appears that James D. Fish, the convicted bank president, was in the habit of keeping a journal, and he now proposes to make it public. A man with a journal, like a man with a gun that is loaded, is apt to let it go off at any time and hurt somebody.

THE German and Austrian emperors and the Russian Czar are going to hold a meeting this spring. Emperor William wants these meetings to occur yearly. These are the times when these old shyks get together and decide whether the next slice of territory will be taken from Denmark, Poland, Holland or Belgium.

THERE is more fluttering among the naval wall-flowers at Washington, in consequence of an order from Secretary Whitney directing several officers, well known for brilliant work in the Audubon or for the gallantry with which they left the German, to join their ships at once. This order has so offended some of them that they have resigned.

THE dynamite works of the American Forcite Powder Company were blown up Sunday, destroying 8,000 pounds of material. The heat of the sun is alleged to be the cause of the explosion, but an un deceived world will recognize the fact that the deed was done by some tool of Yselt. Badley's, with a view to crippling O'Donovan Rossa's dynamite resources.

REV. PATRICK DU HIG, in charge of St. Mary's parish at Chelsea, Mich., is charged with crimes and misdemeanors that would put to blush a professional roller-skater. Among these charges is one that Father Du Hig made improper advances to a servant girl. The charges will be laid before Bishop Borgess of Detroit. Father Du Hig and his flock have been at loggerheads for several years.

THE story comes from Western Maryland of a hermit family, consisting of father, mother and two children, who have not looked on the face of man for nearly twenty years; the children being perfectly illiterate, and having no names, being merely called "son" and "daughter." The wife was the daughter of a minister of the Gospel, and ran away with a farmer's son named Murphy, who, failing to get work, took to the woods.

DEAN SWIFT asserted that "there never appear more than five or six men of genius in an age." That was when the population of the civilized world was comparatively small. Why, look at the present age! Dr. Mary Walker, El Mahdi, O'Donovan Rossa, Motor Keeley, Carter Harrison, Mark Twain, Talmage, Riel, the Unknowns who started Progressive Euchre and the Roller Skate, and hundreds of others. The dean ought to visit the earth now.

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### SPORTIVE PERSONALS.



Charles E. Davies, better known as "the Parson," adorns this column overhead. He is well known in sporting circles, and has just bought out Mike McDonald's famous sporting house in Chicago. Davies paid \$6,000 for the place, which will be the headquarters of sporting men from all over the world. Take him all in all, he is the best of them all.

F. L. Shaw, the recently reinstated pitcher, has signed with the Boston Club.

W. G. Rice has been elected manager of the Stars of Syracuse. Seven players have been so far engaged.

L. O. Bruce has purchased the two-year-olds, Vixen, by Kyrle Daly, and Lister, by Lisbon—the latter with engagements.

James A. Ten Eyck will pass the summer at Quinsigamond, near Worcester, Mass., having engaged to take charge of Coburn's boating establishment.

James Williams has great expectations of carrying off the Kentucky Derby with Joe Cotton, since the colt won the Cottrill stakes so handsomely.

Fred. Goldsmith is to pitch for the new club now being organized in London, Ont., to join the Ontario League. Thompson, late of the Indianapolis, will be the catcher.

John Shepard, of Boston, Mass., has bought from R. Steel the gelding De Bary, by Nil Desperandum out of a Happy Medium mare. He intends him for a reserve mate for Mill Boy.

Arrangements have been made to send J. I. Gase's stable of trotters, including Jay-Eye-See and Phallus, to Belmont Park, Philadelphia, where Maud S. has for some time been quartered.

R. B. Christophers, at one time an owner of thoroughbreds, and for many years past secretary of Tattersall's Subscription Rooms, London, Eng., died April 2, at the age of seventy-one years.

Browning's big batting was the chief feature of a contest between the Louisville and Cleveland clubs April 15, in Louisville, Ky. He made five successive safe hits, and the Louisvilles won by a score of 7 to 5.

Harry Overbeck, who sued Chris Von der Ahe, of St. Louis, in 1883 to recover his salary of \$750 for five months when released before the season was completed, has won his suit for the second time; the last in the Court of Appeals.

John Kirby, a jockey, was heavily fined at Leicester, Eng., March 30, for cruelly spurring Prince Charles because the mare refused to take a jump. When she came in she was bathed in perspiration, and her sides were raw and bleeding.

John Murphy challenges the bay gelding Harry Wilkes to trot a match with Maxey Cobb, for \$2,500 a side, mile heats, three in five, in harness, over any course that may be mutually agreeable, after Sept. 1; all the gate money to also go to the winner.

John Lynch has at last signed with the Metropolitan, and he and Hankinson, who has been suffering with a sprained ankle, will join the champions in Baltimore. In case Hugh Daily is reinstated by the American Association he will also pitch for the Met.

Sergeant Taylor, of the First Gordon Highlanders, defeated Sergeant-major Hallett, Royal Engineers, in a 100-yard swimming match for \$50 a side, in the river Nile, at Wady Halfa, in the Soudan, March 13. Taylor used one hand only, while his opponent was allowed the use of both.

A. C. Beasley, of Hamilton, Ont., has traveled 2,000 miles on his tricycle through England and France. He is now in Paris, and will go down the Rhine and spend a short time in Germany, England, Ireland and Scotland before returning to Hamilton about the beginning of June.

Tom Esterbrook made his first appearance with the New York League team April 20, at the Polo Grounds, in a game with the Leo Club. Esterbrook led off with a home-run, and made three more safe hits during the contest. He played short-stop in the absence of Ward. The New Yorks won easily, by a score of 24 to 1. McKinnon led in batting, with five safe hits, embracing two double-baggers and a triple-baser.



## DRAMATIC DOINGS.

## The Greatest Enemy of the Modern Stage Pictorially But Veraciously Discussed.

The advance of the domain of the roller-skater is becoming an event second only in importance to the Russian march on Afghanistan. Not even Mr. Gladstone himself contemplates the annexation of the White Star with half the just and reasonable fear with which Mr. Samuel Colville or Mr. Samuel Duff regards the in every sense swelling triangle of the skater.

The roller-skate is, as everybody knows, a thing of extreme youth. At the same time it is already a very powerful, a very generally diffused, a very intelligent, a very wealthy and a very well-organized institution.



The manager.

Don't let the theatres make a mistake about that! A week or two ago, in these columns, was duly and justly set forth the scheme of control under which every theatre exists. As a companion sketch, let us now portray the personalities of the theatre's deadliest rival—the roller rink.

The most conspicuous individual connected with it is, of course, the Manager. He is nearly as rich and almost as beautiful as the manager of a theatre. He is, as a rule, very much younger, however, and doesn't wear as many diamonds. On the other hand, he



The professional artist.

usually calls himself "Professor" and is much gone of blue uniform, mounted with gold buttons, and is never visible to the naked eye without a naval cap marked "Manager." He is fond of assuming a semi-military demeanor, and may be occasionally seen practicing a soldierly salute. There are vague rumors to the effect that he used to be a captain either in the Salvation Army or the militia, and he is correspondingly admired and respected.

Next in importance to the Manager comes the "pro-



The Bowerly style.

fessional artist," who takes the place in rink-erial circles of the "juvenile lead." He is painfully thin and has a Mephistophelian type of countenance which is strongly emphasized by a sallow complexion. He is

heavily decorated with silver-plated medals and an eyeglass, and is the darling of all the young ladies and the envy of all the dudes.

The Bowerly style of skating bears an extraordinary



The Bowerly style of skating.

family resemblance to the Bowerly style of dancing. It serves to show the tough to great advantage, while the "Bowerly style" shines not half so lustreously in any other form of amusement.

Occasionally one comes across a wholesome and well-developed mauler of the domestic variety who is courted by a "maul" of the Eighth Avenue type



The masher.

and kind. She is much more at home, poor thing, among her pots and pans, and when she does take a tumble the sound which results is very like that which attends the pounding of a beefsteak to make it tender.

The "masher" is to be found at the rink in all his slim and meager glory, and occasionally gets in his



The inevitable elopement.

sne work. When he does, it is promptly labeled "Another Roller Rink Elopement" by the newspapers, and all the relatives and friends of the guilty couple decide to "let it alone."

## STAGE WHISPERS.

Tracy Titus is now agent of the Carleton Opera Company.

Nettie Baltimore, Carrie Swain's sister, died in San Francisco recently.

Eleanor Trafford has been for some time a member of the Monte Cristo Company.

Fanny Davenport gave \$50 and Helene Pauvray \$100 to the World's Bazaar Fund.

It is reported in Philadelphia that the little dwarf, Louis Barate, is to wed a girl.

Edward H. Rice has purchased the costumes and props of "Ivanhoe." The auction price was \$350.

W. F. O'Connell has signed with the Boston Museum Company for the next two years. He takes Wilson's place.

Barney McAuley has been released from the Cleveland workhouse, to which he had been sentenced for a short term.

Eunice Moore, of the Moore Sisters, variety performers, died lately in Denver, Col., of pneumonia. Alas, Eunice girl, you are no Moore!

Mary Anderson's cottage at Long Branch was sold at auction last week for \$17,400. It was bought by a dealer, probably Dr. Griffin's dummy.

Mrs. Louisa Eldridge and T. Q. Seabrooke have retired from the "Fayette" cast, their places being filled by B. T. Ringgold and Mrs. Van Deeren.

Minnie Maddern is getting ready to do a new piece—"Quicksands." It is an adaptation by Mr. De Leon, a Mobile, Ala., writer, of one of Sardou's comedies.

Manager J. B. Schoeffel and family—with Agnes Booth-Schoeffel as principal member—will this week go to their summer residence at Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass.

In Boston it is called the "drawmah;" in New York, "dramma;" in Philadelphia, "drama;" in Chicago, "drammer;" but in St. Louis they talk about the "draymy."

Robert Buchanan and Harriett Jay will return to England soon. Mr. Buchanan may do "Fascination," a new play, in London. If a success there he will tour it here.

Mr. and Mrs. Osmond Tearle propose to return to England about the middle of May to play in the chief cities of Great Britain. They will give the first Mrs. T. a wide berth.

It is becoming more and more evident that poor attractions at panic prices do not draw any better than poor attractions at regular prices. The brightness of the dime is dimming.—Mirror.

Gustavus Levick, George Morton and Walter Bentley are significant attractions at the National theatre, this city. Manager Heumann is not doing things by halves. It is easy to see.

A prominent opera company that has been on the road forty weeks has not yet had what might be called a salary-day. The members have worked for board wages and now and then a little pocket-money.

Blanche Curtis has replaced Kitty Elzeltime as Zozo in the "Zozo" Company. T. E. Mills, of this company, says they have been enlarged since leaving Jersey City, N. J., and several new scenes have been added to the spectacle.

Leon J. Winson's benefit at Niblo's, May 14, will be participated in by Minnie Palmer, the Madison Square Company, Dixey, Levy and Liberal; the Bents and Miss Hewitt, comedians; Gilmore's band and a host of volunteer artists.

Edward Morris, of the "Skipped by the Light of the Moon" Company, has retired from that combination, owing to a quarrel with Gourlay, who is Harrison's chief support in the performance of this play. Morris goes to Europe in June.

The Press Club benefit was a splendid affair at the Academy Thursday week, the proceeds footing up over \$3,500. Chairman Keller reports that Pauline Hall, Olga Brandon, Annie Robe and "Aunt Louisa" turned in nearly \$800 from the sale of bouquets.

Baron Ernest Magri, who is thirty-four inches tall, compromised for \$200 the suit brought against him in the Special Sessions recently by Ida Newman to compel him to support her child. This is alleged to be the nobleman who lately wedded Mrs. Tom Thumb.

Charles Hicks, late manager of the "Hoop of Gold" Company, will produce at the Grand Opera House, Brooklyn, on May 18, a new play by William Carleton, called "German Luck." It is a curious coincidence that William Carleton applied for relief at the hands of the Actors' Fund.

Harry Miner is understood to father the "Silver King" Company, which will open a summer tour in Winnipeg, Man., May 4, under J. H. Mack's management. C. W. Roberts looks after the business. Walter Bentley and May Brooklyn will lead. The company play "Frisco" under Al. Hayman.

Emie Ellsler, with her new play, "Old Kentucky Home," opens in Philadelphia May 4, for one week, and goes thence to Cleveland, Louisville, Chicago and Buffalo, under the management of Marc Klaw. Simmonds and Brown have engaged Mrs. M. A. Farren and Linda Le Barron for the support.

Mrs. Langtry, London Life says, is not a whit like any of her photographs, not even the most recent ones, and perhaps little like her former self. If she continues to consume her strength through devotion to her profession, she will soon be able to rival Sara Bernhardt for glimmers, if not for dramatic art.

John Gilbert, lately a New York journalist, made his debut recently in Philadelphia, as Mephistopheles in "Faust," and was presented by the Emma Abbott Opera Company. He was recalled at the end of the first act, and afterwards was warmly congratulated by Miss Abbott on his singing and dramatic action. He is a name to be remembered.

Joseph Haworth, who plays with Clara Morris at Daly's, is a member of the Lyceum Company, and loaned to Frank Goodwin for the run of "Denise." It has been decided to keep the Lyceum theatre open all summer, as it is thought there will be a great curiosity among country visitors to see the new house. It will, with Steele Mackaye in hand showing a bundle of receipted bills.

The Adamless Eden Company appeared in Sacramento recently, and a local critic says: "Thirty females attired in the contents of a solitary cotton box! Perhaps I ought not to blame these roses of Sharon for their audacity in chasing the phantom their imaginations painted. Perhaps the play of the strains may be an Adamless Eden, but I cannot believe that the players themselves are Adamless Eves."

It has been noticed, since A. M. Palmer assumed sole management of the Madison Square theatre, that the social character of the audiences which gather within the walls of the theatre place of amusement has improved. The "well" people who patronized the Union Square under Mr. Palmer's direction, and who left it when he relinquished his control, have again rallied around him at the Madison Square.

Charles Kelly, who died recently, lived very happily for several years with his wife, Ellen Terry but misunderstanding came and a separation followed. Robert Buchanan says in the New York Tribune: "Though accident parted them, he loved her passionately to the last, and the separation from her, I know, practically broke his heart and wrecked his life. He was a true and noble English gentleman, with the courage of an English soldier—patient, gentle, forbearing, reticent, sweet-tempered."

Send \$1.00 to this office and paper will be regularly mailed to your address for thirteen weeks.

## ROLLER RINKLES.



A very remarkable and fancy young skater is Albert Boyer, of Port Jervis, a champion in whom there is no guile, but a vast deal of pluck and bottom. He is young, he is swift, he is handsome. In fact, as a roller-skater, he fills the bill.

The latest in floor-aid decorations are some neat designs in skating-rink chalk.

The amateur roller-skater makes the most of every opportunity to spread himself.

On April 9 Ed. Weston beat John Holden in a five-mile race at the Palace Rink, Chicago, in 22 minutes 30 seconds.

The last of a series of five-mile races at the Le Grand Rink, Chicago, for a gold medal, took place April 11, and was won by Johnson.

April 10, at Ann Arbor, Mich., J. C. Ward, of Ypsilanti, defeated C. S. Klein, of Ann Arbor, in a three-mile spin: time, 11 minutes 48 seconds.

Frank Streeter proved too fast for E. L. Maddocks in a five-mile roller-skating race in Worcester, Mass., April 13, winning in 20 minutes 45 seconds.

Miss Nellie Howard, of Chicago, Ill., and Miss Louisa Smith, of South Saginaw, Mich., raced one mile, for a gold medal, at East Saginaw, April 3, the latter winning.

The fourth race of a series at the Institute Rink, Boston, three miles, took place April 17, Currie winning in 11 minutes 20 seconds, W. A. O'Brien second, and Bartlett third.

There were no roller rinks in those days, and yet Longfellow wrote that "The shades of night were falling fast." Perhaps he got the idea by attending a revival meeting of colored people.

Miss Fan El Fita, the young lady who last month won the gold medal offered for an amateur fancy skating competition at the Le Grand Roller Rink, Chicago, made her professional debut at that rink, April 14. It was a success.

A second race, three miles, for the championship of the Institute Rink, Boston, Mass., was skated April 13, W. A. O'Brien winning in 12 minutes 40 seconds; W. Currie, second, 12 minutes 41 seconds; Louis Kendall, third, 12 minutes 42 seconds.

A two-mile race came off at the Quincy (Mass.) Coliseum April 13, five starting, and the winner of the gold medal being Eddie Glover, in 7 minutes 32 seconds; Frank Burrell (silver medal), second; Clinton Flores (silver cup), third, and Wm. Nightingale, fourth.

Roller-skating, according to an anatomical shoe-builder, has a tendency to increase the size of ladies' feet. This is the worst blow which that pleasant pastime has yet received. If it will not abate the rage for the sport it may have one beneficial effect. The number of jokes about the Chicago girls' feet will be materially lessened.

Roller-skate manufacturers and skating-rink owners met in this city last week and organized the National Roller-Skating Congress of America. A resolution was adopted denouncing "hippodrome matches, mountebank performances and injurious trials of endurance," and it was decided to arrange an open contest for the evenings of May 27, 28, in some city hereafter to be selected.

The roller-skating bill has settled down to dead-level, as it passed the Senate recently. It applies only to cities in this State having 200,000 or more inhabitants. This is about the dead-level of election-registry and excise laws. It is special legislation for this city and Brooklyn, which, with Buffalo, are the only places in this State having 200,000 inhabitants. Yet this bill was brought forward on highly moral grounds. It has been cities having considerably fewer than 200,000 residents that have contributed most liberally to the rink scandals of the past eighteen months. But New York and Brooklyn can contribute the more money either to defeat or carry through such a bill.

A successful fancy-dress roller-skating carnival was held at the Brooklyn Rink April 18. The attendance exceeded 3,000 people, while the throng of skaters in costume exceeded not only in numbers, but in the elegance, originality and variety of dresses, and in the excellence of the characters assumed, that of any previous carnival this season. Mrs. Pettigrew was awarded the first prize for the most original and effective costume, her attire representing the Golden Harvest. Miss Hanford won the first prize for the most elegant dress, being costumed in rich silk as the Goddess of Liberty. C. Proctor bore off the prize for the best dramatic costume, he appearing as Irving in Hamlet. James Young won the prize for the best old Virginian darkey. Nearly 300 people were on the floor in costume exclusive of those in full dress. The judges were Hon. John Oakley, Henry Chadwick, Mrs. Frank Parnall, Mrs. Frank Morey, Mrs. Jerome Merritt and Mrs. Banda. C. Walton and J. Small skated a five-mile race on April 22.





HE HOCKED HIS IVORIES.

THE DESPERATE STRAITS TO WHICH A YOUNG MAN WAS REDUCED IN VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA.

#### Danced a Chinese Jig in Court.

Long Sing is a Chinaman with sensitive feelings and an ear for music. He lives at 144 Hester street, and on Sunday night paid a visit to his countrymen in South Fifth avenue. In that neighborhood the boys persecute the Chinamen, and a gang hooted him and shouted: Ching, Chang, the Chinaman—boo, boo, boo!

Long Sing's feelings were hurt. He chased the gang, caught William Milligan, of 57 South Fifth avenue, and with a knife slashed Milligan's nose and cut him in the stomach.

Milligan was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital, and Sing was locked up. While Sing was waiting in the box at Jefferson Market for arraignment, William Mulligan, who had been arrested for disorderly conduct, and had an ac-



A CHINESE JIG.

LONG SING, UNDER ARREST FOR CRIMINAL ASSAULT, IS SO MOVED BY AN ACCORDION THAT HE DANCES IN THE PEN.



ARMED TO THE TEETH.

HOW CAPTAIN PHELAN PREPARED HIMSELF FOR HIS VISIT TO NEW YORK TO PROSECUTE DYNAMITE SHORT.

cordion under his arm, began to play a lively tune. The other prisoners, who were all more or less drunk, beat time, and Long Sing became so excited that he danced. He flung his legs around so briskly that he kicked off his sandals. His wild yells attracted the keepers, and they stopped the music. Then Sing subsided. Justice Gorman held him to await the result of Milligan's injuries, and the accordion-player

was fined \$10. Sing said: "Nevsee mind, allee samee mellican man."

#### A Theatrical Scrimmage.

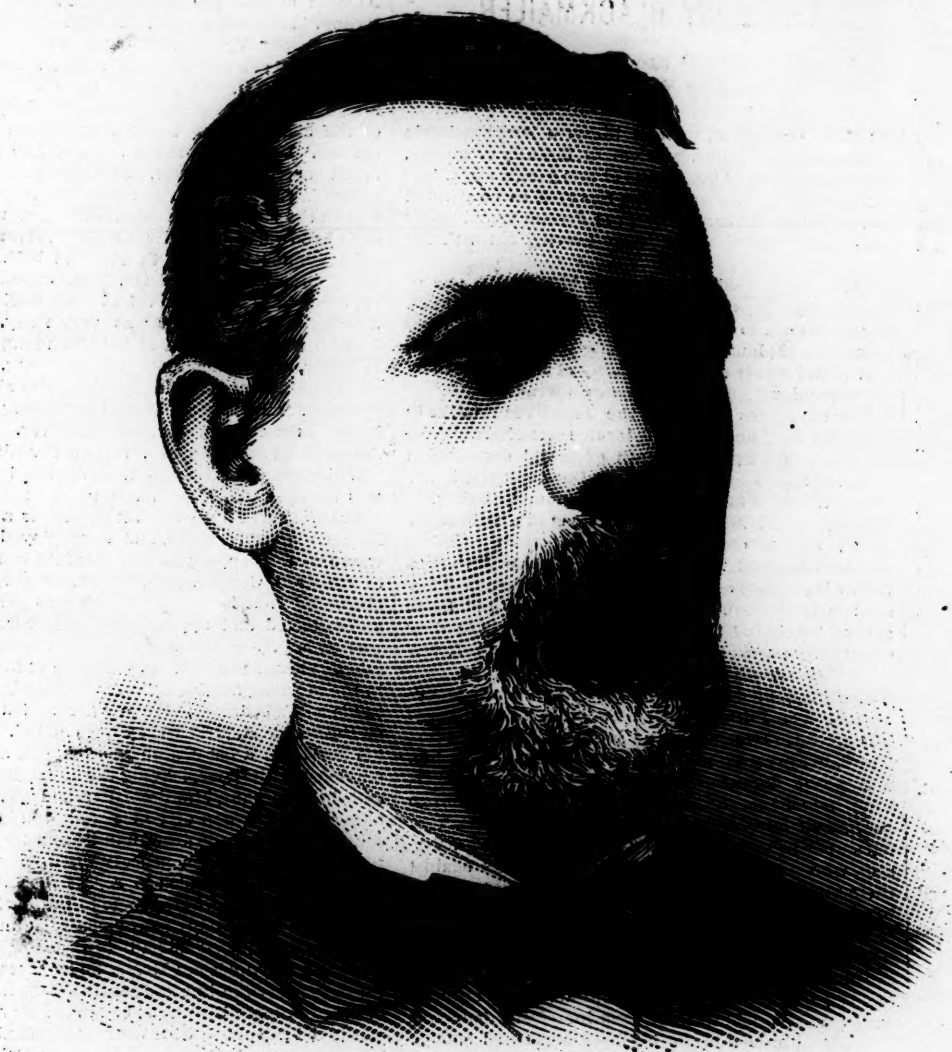
We illustrate in this issue the amusing, but desperate, combat between stage manager Jeff Thompson and a couple of song and dance artists—Aris and McBride—in Gregory's Museum, St. Louis. The stage manager won.



THEY WENT FOR THE MANAGER.

AN AMUSING BUT DESPERATE THEATRICAL SCRIMMAGE IN GREGORY'S DIME MUSEUM, ST. LOUIS.





T. W. PEEPLES,

THE VERY ABLE GENERAL MASTER MECHANIC OF ALL THE NEW YORK ELEVATED RAILROADS.



ANNIE BALDWIN,

A YOUNG AND MODEST ACTRESS WHO IS CONSIDERED THE AGNES BOOTH OF THE FUTURE.

**Miss Annie Baldwin.**

The young actress whose portrait we print in this issue is regarded by her own profession as one of its rising stars. She has played several parts as a substitute for Mrs. Agnes Booth, and it is confidently predicted of her that

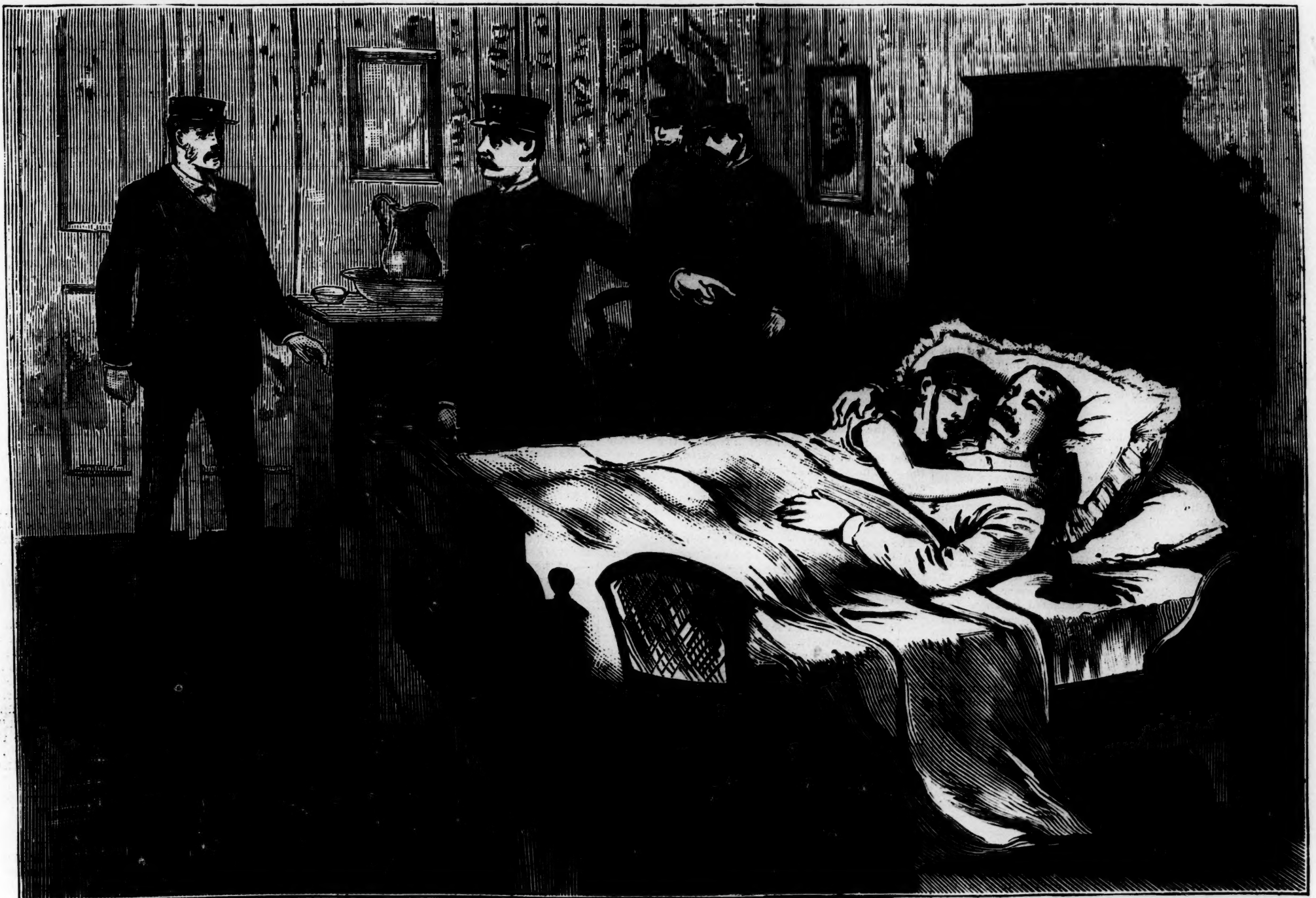
she is the latter great artiste's legitimate successor.

**T. W. Peeples.**

Mr. Peeples is a native of Chester, Pa., and has been connected with the New York Elevated

Railroad since the organization of the company in 1877. With his skillful assistance he helped to design the smooth-running rolling-stock of the road, and was eventually made general master mechanic of all the elevated railroads in this city. He has direct charge of the mechanical department, consisting of about 700 coaches, 240

locomotives and 1,600 employees, which includes 300 trusty engineers. The monthly pay-roll for this important department amounts to \$60,000, and the stores and materials used to about as much more. Mr. Peeples is indeed a master in his calling and a gentleman in his social and business life.



HE AVENGED HIS HONOR.

A PRIVATE WATCHMAN IN NEW ORLEANS PUTS A SUDDEN AND FATAL END TO THE CRIME OF HIS FAITHLESS WIFE.



## THIS WICKED WORLD.

## A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.

## DID SHE HAVE TWO HUSBANDS?

On the third day of September last Geo. Jones, professionally known as Prof. Geo. Wambold, filed a suit for divorce from Cordella Jones, professionally known as Maam Wambold. He alleged that they were married June 10, 1875, at San Francisco, Cal., and three children were born to them, one of whom, Geo. H. W. Jones, is still living. He alleged still further that his wife represented herself to him as Cordella Julick, a maiden lady, whereas in fact she was the wife of John Morrissey. The woman mentioned in this petition is well known in the circus profession as Cordella Wambold, bareback equestrienne and tight-rope dancer. It will be remembered that she filed a petition for divorce from Morrissey in Cincinnati, Hamilton County, Hamilton Common Pleas Court, and that John Morrissey was granted a divorce from her on his cross petition, she failing to appear and prosecute her suit. It was after this that Geo. Jones herein mentioned pleaded his suit for divorce. Now Mr. Jones



alleges that she was married again in Cincinnati in spite of the fact that his suit for divorce has not yet been heard. He has been personally looking up the facts in regard thereto for some time, and in his suit for divorce. A Cincinnati Enquirer reporter looked at the marriage license record in the Probate Court and there found that Richard Houden had been granted a license to marry "Della Julick." The license was issued Dec. 9, 1884. The return by the minister on this license showed that Thomas J. Harris, pastor of Wesley Chapel, had married these same parties on Jan. 4, 1885. The Christian name of the woman is the corruption of the name of "Cordella," and Mr. Jones says that it is the same person as his wife, and that Richard Houden is the one-eyed porter at the Grand Central Depot. Mr. Jones arrested Madame Cordella Feb. 28 on a charge of adultery, and she was in jail for a few days. Nobody appearing against her, she was discharged after paying costs. She left town immediately, fearing to be arrested on the charge of bigamy.

## SHE KEPT HIM IN THE CELLAR.

Recently the members of the Orthodox Church in West Roxbury, Mass., have been very busy considering a very interesting and highly sensational matter. Some time ago charges were made by several parties that a certain widow, a member of the church, had cruelly treated her husband during the latter years of his life; that she had kept him in the cellar much of the time, and had not allowed him proper or sufficient food or clothing—had forced him to wash dishes and do other kitchen work, and that even when dying from consumption he had not been properly cared for, being forced to sleep in a filthy bedroom, although the family was well to do and moved in the very best society.

The hearings before the church on these charges began Wednesday evening, April 21, and continued Thursday, Friday and Saturday. The sessions were secret, and a squad of police were kept at the door to keep out reporters. In spite of this, however, much to the disgust of the church members, the newspapers published full reports of the proceedings each morning. The hearing closed Saturday night at twenty-five minutes past eleven o'clock, and the question was put to the audience as to the alleged offender being guilty of unchristian conduct, untruthfulness and lack of care in attending to her husband. She was adjudged guilty by a standing vote. The charges were then put separately, and they were sustained by about the same vote. She was sentenced to be suspended from the church for one year, and if she did not repent and make a written confession to the committee on or before the year expired she was to be expelled from the church.

Among the members of the church are many prominent business men of Boston, who took part in the proceedings.

## THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

A young and pretty Swedish girl, who arrived in the city but a short time since, left her boarding-house at No. 3 Carlisle street, the other day, to go to Seventy-sixth street and Fourth avenue to the address of a lady who had engaged her as a servant. She met a lady friend on the Third Avenue Elevated Railway train, and they seated themselves beside a well-dressed man, who says he is an Italian. The stranger made himself quite agreeable, and, hearing the young emigrant's errand, agreed to guide her to the house. Her friend left, telling her to get out at the next station, but the agreeable Italian insisted upon taking her two stations further.

Then, according to the girl's story, he took her to several saloons and endeavored to induce her to drink. At last he boarded a train and brought her back to the Bowery, and, repeating his visits to saloons and his invitations to drink, became so friendly at last as to hug and kiss her at every opportunity, and invited her to

spend the night with him. They were met in Chatham street by Policeman Shields at 10 o'clock, and the officer thinking that something was wrong, took the pair to the Elizabeth Street station. An interpreter was found, and the girl, whose name is Maria Bjorkman, told the above story of her adventures. The Italian gave his name as Constantine Sicoli, and said he lived at No. 214 Canal street. He claims to speak seven different languages. He denied the girl's story, but was locked up on a charge of abduction. The police say no such man is known at the address he gave. Maria went back to her boarding-house with the proprietor of the house.

## ELOPED WITH HER NEPHEW.

Mrs. Lena Vogel, the mother of four children and the grandmother of fifteen, eloped from Pittsburg, April 24, with a nephew who arrived recently from Germany, taking with her \$1,000 of her husband's money. He is a coal-digger. They were married thirty years ago and have lived in Pittsburg ever since. The runaway wife is a tall, raw-boned woman, apparently about forty-eight years old, she being ten years younger than her husband. The money, which consisted of a little over \$900 in gold, and which was the cash savings of Vogel's lifetime, was kept in the house, his wife having charge of it. In the afternoon she said she was going out on a little business and would be back by evening. She did not return, and her husband, on going to the place where he kept his money, discovered that it was gone. She failed to return during the night, and, as the young man was nowhere to be found, the husband concluded they had eloped. He says he doesn't care about the woman herself, it is the loss of the money which is bothering him most. He avers he would never under any circumstances live with her again. He has telegraphed to Philadelphia and New York to have them arrested, as he has an idea they have started for Germany.

## CANADIANS ELOPE TO NEW YORK.

Society circles in Montreal have been stirred by a runaway match between the daughter of one of the wealthiest citizens and the son of one of the most prominent Hebrews of the city. Miss Cacoma Buntin was the lady who succeeded in wedding the man of her choice in spite of her father's strenuous opposition. All winter Robert Baldwin Hart, son of Theodore Hart, had been paying attentions to Miss Buntin, whose father failed to appreciate his daughter's admirer, and is said to have forcibly ejected him from his house one night lately. Mr. Buntin began life as a truck-driver, and has amassed a large fortune as a paper manufacturer, having mills at Valleyfield, Quebec. He is known to be more than a millionaire. He was a director in the defunct Exchange Bank, of this city, and was prosecuted lately for securing undue preference when the bank burst in September, 1883. The trial excited great interest, and was carried through all the courts there, ending in Buntin's conviction on the charge of fraud and his imprisonment for ten days.

There has always been trouble in his family, owing, it is said, to the old gentleman's bad temper and roughness toward his daughters, three of whom married well, though against his wishes. One married an Italian, Marquis Ugiccont. The other two married medical men in good standing. There was trouble in each case with the old gentleman. The last daughter, Miss Cacoma, was educated at Vassar College, and was of a very independent turn of mind, and determined not to be thwarted by the father. She is quite pretty, accomplished, and was a favorite in Montreal society.

A short time ago she said to a well-known society lady there:

"Oh, as for papa—if the angel Gabriel came to ask one of us to marry him he wouldn't be pleased."

On April 21 Miss Buntin left for Pittsburg, ostensibly to see a school friend living there, but she met Baldwin Hart, and was married on the succeeding Thursday by Rev. Henry Smyth at Trinity Church in that city. The father is now raging, being left with one son, and vows never to forgive his daughter. The family occupied one of the largest and beautiful houses in Montreal. The happy couple are supposed to be in New York.

## HE TRIED HIS NEW GUN.

## The Extraordinary Experience of Brakeman Hunter on a Day's Outing After Ducks.

## [Subject of Illustration.]

A few days ago George Hunter, a brakeman on the Pine Island Railroad, New York, went out on the Walkill river in a dugout canoe to try his new \$100 breech-loading shotgun on ducks. He saw a duck, and blazed away. The new gun kicked like a mule and upset the boat. Hunter disappeared beneath the water, but came up again within reach of the boat and seized hold of it. The gun disappeared, and stayed there. The water was eight feet deep. Hunter floated about on the capsize dugout for an hour, and hallooed for help until he got hoarse. Then a man came along, got another boat, and rowed out and brought Mr. Hunter in.

The next day Hunter went out in his dugout, with a garden rake, to fish for his new gun. After dragging the bottom for nearly half a day he got a hold of the gun. When he fired his gun off the day before both barrels were cocked, but only one went off. The hold Mr. Hunter got on the gun with the rake must have been on the trigger of the cocked barrel, for when the gun had been raised nearly to the surface, coming up butt first, there came a sudden rumble down below, and the next second the gun shot up out of the water like a skyrocket. It flashed by Mr. Hunter's face so close that it knocked his hat off. Mr. Hunter jerked back and over went the boat.

As on the day before, Hunter went under and came up close by the upturned boat and seized it again. The gun repeated its programme of disappearing and slaying there, only this time it was accompanied by the rake. Mr. Hunter was compelled to exercise his lungs once more until he was towed ashore by a neighbor. Next day he hired a man to go out and fish for the gun and rake. The man got them both in fifteen minutes. Hunter says he don't know whether to sell his gun or get another kind of a boat or whether he had better lock them both up and lose the key. The duck escaped.

## HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

## IN NIGHT SWEATS AND PROSTRATION.

Dr. R. STURDENTER, St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have used it in dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and in night sweats, with very good results."

Send \$1.00 to this office and paper will be regularly mailed to your address for thirteen weeks.

## THE BUSY BLACKMAILER.

## Some of the Dark and Damnable Business by which Rascality Makes a Name.

## [Subject of Illustration.]

"Homes wrecked, men of hitherto irreproachable character driven to embezzlement, insanity or suicide, have been some of the results of this gang's work."

Inspector Byrnes spoke to a reporter, as he pointed to the cell where shrunken-faced Joseph Stack, better known as "Spanish Joe," was peering out with his watery eyes.

"That man," said the inspector, bitterly, "is one of a gang of perhaps forty who conduct their blackmailing operations so that their victims, though they occasionally complain, would hesitate to prosecute them, and would rather suffer the agony of a life blasted by these villains than expose their own weakness."

The exposures made by the detectives relative to "Spanish Joe" and his confederates seem hardly credible, and show a greater depth of moral degradation than the revelations made in the Dublin courts in the recent exposure of high English Government officials.

The gang in New York has been in existence for years, and is constantly recruited from shiftless youths who find it easier to levy blackmail than to follow legitimate occupations for a livelihood. They are nearly all young men, who dress well and loiter around hotels and places of amusement, where they select their unsuspecting victims, whom they follow until flight, death or insanity follows.

Every night a dozen of the blackmailers may be encountered on Fifth avenue, between Fourteenth and Twenty-third streets, on the lookout for their prey. They always select some man well advanced in life, and whose appearance indicates his respectability. They induce him to go to their den. Then the unsuspecting victim is drugged, and when he awakes from his stupor he is confronted by two or three confederates, who make the most frightful charges against their victim. Almost invariably he delivers all he has on his person, and the blackmailers follow him to his house.

Then begins the systematic sacking of tribute, and the unfortunate man who has fallen into the villain's hands purchases his future domestic peace only by consenting to yield to their ever-increasing demands.

Men well known in the business world and society have frequently called on Inspector Byrnes and prayed him to deliver them from these leeches.

But when the blackmailer is arrested the victim declines to face a court even if innocent of the charges. This immunity from punishment has made these rascals more daring.

Not long ago an English nobleman called on Inspector Byrnes and related his experience. The gentleman, who has cut no inconspicuous figure in high life, could not afford to have his name appear in connection with the prosecution of the villains, for a mere hint of the blackmailer's charges would result in his social ostracism. A plan was laid, and when the blackmailer came to collect the \$800 demanded a detective arrested him.

When confronted with his accuser he merely hinted at what he could tell, and the nobleman withdrew his complaint. To escape, the victim fled to England, but the next steamer carried over the blackmailer, who is now presumably bleeding his prey.

The arrest of old Newman, the Chrystie street "fence," about a year ago exposed the magnitude of the operations of this band. He had received hundreds of articles of jewelry extorted by the villains, and not one of the hundreds of victims had the courage to come forward and claim their own.

Two years ago "Spanish Joe" lured Jacob Jacobs, an old man of sixty, to his den at No. 19 Clinton place. The old man was chloroformed and robbed of his watch, chain and diamond stud, all worth \$200. When he recovered his senses he was frightened by the charges Stack made, and it was some time before he told the police of his experience.

Another of Stack's victims was G. H. Anderson, clerk in one of the Federal courts. He fell into "Spanish Joe's" hands last October, and, while under the influence of drugs, was robbed by Stack of a diamond ring, two seal rings and \$30 in cash. He complained to the police, but "Spanish Joe," with his confederate, Michael Walsh, fled to Boston.

They were in Boston only a few days when they were arrested on two charges of blackmail. One of their victims, an old man named McGowan, had the courage to prosecute, and Walsh was sentenced to imprisonment for a year and a half in the House of Correction. "Spanish Joe" escaped with a sentence of six months, which expired the other day.

As the blackmailer stepped into the prison office, after having doffed his convict suit, he looked blank when the detective said:

"I want you for a little scrape in New York," and as the steel handcuffs snapped on his wrists he remarked:

"It's rough; I thought I was free."

The latest trick of these scoundrels is to lure an elderly gentleman, on some pretext or other, into a room in which a woman in voluptuous dishabille is reclining on a sofa. An accomplice in the next apartment takes an instantaneous photograph of the scene—and the average cost of each plate to the male subject is a cool \$1,000.

## KILLED IN THEIR CRIME.

## [Subject of Illustration.]

A fearful double tragedy, growing out of alleged illicit intimacy and a husband's vengeance, was enacted night of April 23, at the house of N. G. Evans, No. 146 Orange street, New Orleans. The house was found to be closed next morning. The fact was regarded as suspicious and was promptly reported to the police. A party of gentlemen accompanied Captain Reynolds to the premises. On the front steps they found a servant girl with Evans' nine months' old baby in her arms. On being questioned the girl stated that on arising, at the usual hour, she had found Mrs. Evans' bedroom door locked, but paid little attention to the circumstance, supposing her mistress had gone to market. The girl, whose name is Mary Miller, spoke in a hesitating way, creating the impression that she knew more than she cared to tell, and the police determined to investigate further. Captain McCaffrey mounted a chair and peered over the transom into the bedroom to the door of which the party had been led by the servant. He saw a figure lying on the bed, but could not see the face. The girl then brought a key, the door was unlocked and the party entered. A ghastly spectacle met their gaze. Stretched on the bed lay Mrs. Evans, with a bullet through the brain. Alongside of her was the corpse of a man, also with a bullet-hole through the temple.

At sight of him the girl shrieked, "That is not Mr. Evans!" and so it proved. The dead man was found to be Caspar Wenger, a young grocery clerk. The bodies were partly covered by a sheet. Near the bed next to the wall was a chair, upon which were the man's clothes. They were carefully arranged on the chair, and his shoes and socks were beneath the bed. Upon examining the bed two pistols were found under the bolster. One was under the place where Wenger's head must have laid, and the other was on the side of the woman. The one under Wenger's head was a Colt's seven-shot revolver, one of the old-fashioned make, with cap and ball. It was incased in a leather holster. On examination one chamber was empty, but it had been discharged some time ago, as the barrel was very rusty. The one found under the woman's head was a long navy Colt's revolver, of the same make as the other. The pistol was in a blue coarse woolen stocking, and all the chambers were found loaded. Underneath Wenger's clothes, lying on the chair, was another revolver. This was an Amanda seven-shot pistol, with all chambers loaded.

While the investigation that disclosed these facts was being made, Evans, the husband of the dead woman, walked into the room. He is a member of Farrell's detective force, and is employed as a night watchman. Stepping to the side of the bed he pointed to the dead woman, and, in an ordinary tone, exclaimed, "That is my wife." He was perfectly calm and collected, and appeared so unconcerned that he was promptly called upon for an explanation. He said in substance that he came home at his usual hour in the morning from work watching all night and went to his wife's bedroom. He saw her and a man lying on the bed dead, just as they were found. He picked his child up, a baby nine months old, and walked out, locking the door, leaving the key in the lock. He called the servant, Mamie Miller, and gave the child to her, drank a cup of coffee and went out. When asked if he knew the dead man he said he believed he was Caspar Wenger, a grocery clerk. Evans further said that he had intended to report the matter to the police, but first he wanted to go to the detective office and get off for the day; consequently he had not mentioned it to a soul what he had seen.

Captain Reynolds put Evans under arrest at once as the author of the crime and continued the investigation of the premises. Under the bed in the servant's room was found the pistol with which the bloody deed had been committed. It was a 44-caliber Colt, with two chambers recently discharged. The bullets were taken from the heads of Mrs. Evans and Wenger and were found to fit exactly in this pistol, leaving no doubt as to its being the weapon employed.

The servant girl was arrested as a party to the crime, and made a statement which induces the belief that she could tell the whole story if she would. She said that Wenger was in the habit of visiting her, and she regarded him as a lover and received his attentions. Nothing had occurred to dispel this impression until a few mornings ago. At that time as she passed the window of Mrs. Evans' bedroom, on her way to the front gate, she saw a man standing in the room. This man she recognized as Wenger. Although greatly shocked at the discovery, she had not disclosed the incident to a soul, fear keeping her silent. The general theory is that the girl told Evans what she saw, urged thereto by a desire to be avenged on her recreant admirer, and that Evans thereupon set a trap for his wife and her paramour. Going home at an unusually early hour he entered his wife's bedroom—the guilty couple had no knowledge of his presence—and stepping up to the bedside he placed his revolver against the temple of Wenger and fired, and then, before the wife could awaken, the weapon was pressed to her head and the bullet crashed through the brain. Death was instantaneous in each case, the positions of the corpses showing that neither had stirred after receiving the wounds. Powder was blown in the faces of both Mrs. Evans and Wenger, and the pillow was blackened and scorched by it.

After accomplishing his purpose Evans is supposed to have walked out of the room and thrown his pistol under the bed in the servant's room. It is believed that the young woman was aroused by the shots, although she denies this, and that after enjoining silence upon her and locking the door of his wife's bedroom Evans left the house, reappearing while the examination of the premises was being made, as above related. Various explanations are given as to the presence of the revolvers under the pillows. One is that Evans placed them there to create the impression that his wife and Wenger had committed suicide. Another and the more probable theory is that the guilty couple had armed themselves for defense in case of discovery. By common consent the revolver found under Wenger's clothing is believed to have been placed there by him.

## A DAGGER IN A LADY'S FAN.

Two handsomely-dressed ladies left an elevated train in which billiardist Joe Dion's room-keeper was a passenger the evening of April 17. After they had gone the keeper saw what he supposed was an elaborate Japanese fan lying on the vacated seat. It had a string entwined about it near the end.

"Here, Joe," the room-keeper said to the veteran expert next day, "see if you can open the fan. I'll be blown if I can."

Dion took hold of the string and tried to spread the fan with his left hand, but couldn't. Then he tugged the string. In an instant the upper part slipped off and the keen edge of a long dagger slid across the middle finger of his left hand, cutting it to the bone.

"Well," cried Dion in amazement, as he hurried to staunch the blood, "I wonder what on earth a woman wanted with a fan like that? That's a fine thing to run against on the eve of the tournament."

Dion was to have opened the balk-line tournament on Monday night with George F. Slosson. The accident necessitated the substitution of William Sexton. Dion won't be able to play for several nights.

## WAR TO THE DEATH.

## [Subject of Illustration.]

On our last page this week is illustrated a deadly duel with rapiers fought near Lake Pontchartrain, recently, by Miles Josephine La Chaussee and Annette Detelonne, two young Creole belles, the quarrel being, as usual, over a young man who had made love to both damsels. Mile. La Chaussee was seriously wounded in the right side.

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## FAMOUS FACES.

A Gallery of Human Visages Tainted  
Either With Suspicion, Notoriety,  
or Crime.

A DESPERATE SNEAK THIEF.

On Friday night of last week Detectives Lanthier and Valley saw a burly negro trying to get into houses in West Thirty-eighth and Thirty-ninth streets, through such windows as he could obtain access to by means of verandas or balconies. He carried a jimmy to force back the catch of the windows, but he succeeded in some of his attempts, and finally giving up he went to his home in Thirtieth street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues. The detectives



John L. Davis, alias Franklyn.

located his lodging, and when he came out shortly after half-past seven o'clock on Saturday night they were on the watch for him. Shoving his jimmy up his sleeve, the negro, with one detective keeping him in sight, and the second keeping the first in sight, went by a circuitous route to the house at 304 West Thirty-third street, and climbing from the stoop to the balcony began to try to push the window catch back by working his jimmy through the crack between the sashes. A postman came along while he was at work and, taking out his handkerchief, the negro pretended to be cleaning the window with it. The postman sus-



Detective Sergeant James F. Valley.

pected nothing, and left him to pursue his work unmolested, but not succeeding in his design, he finally went to No. 300, to which he found easy entrance by means of a false key. After a short stay inside he came out with a bundle which he carried to a pawnshop.

His visit at the pawnshop was not a long one, and when he came out he carried no bundle. Being therefore free for further adventures he went back to Thirty-third street, and after taking a good look at the house he had already entered, to see that the coast was



Detective Sergeant George Lanthier.

clear, he entered a second time. He came out at the end of five or six minutes with a silk circular lined with fur, and walked toward Ninth avenue. It was now about half-past eight o'clock. The detectives thought it was time to take a hand in the game, and Valley overhauled the negro near the avenue. The negro drew a pistol and fired two shots at Valley, neither of which took effect. Then, throwing the circular over Valley's head, the negro ran back toward Eighth avenue, where Lanthier was waiting for him. When he discovered Lanthier he lifted his yet smoking revolver again. Lanthier, however, having heard the reports of the shots at Valley, had got out his pistol and fired first. The bullet hit the negro in the head, breaking the scalp slightly, and stunning him sufficiently to prevent his firing. He was seized and disarmed, but he fought all the way to the station-house. The tickets for the clothing he had pawned and a sort of directory of accessible houses in good neighborhoods were found in one of his pockets. He had

thrown away his jimmy and a large bunch of keys, together with his revolver, but the detectives picked them up. The prisoner said he was John L. Davis, a coachman. The circular he stole belongs to Miss Sophie Tegner, who has rooms at 300 West Thirty-third street. She identified it. The bundle of clothing which he pawned consisted of an ulster, two dress coats, a pair of trousers, and a business suit, belonging to John Williams, a lodger at 300 West Thirty-third street, who identified them.

HOWARD COOPER.

The villainous assault upon Miss Gray by the colored man, Howard Cooper, near Rockland, Md., a few weeks ago, has caused great excitement in the vicinity. Miss Katie Gray, the young lady assaulted, is twenty years of age, and is very prepossessing in appearance. In the afternoon about 3 o'clock Miss Katie left home to accompany her sister, Miss Susie, to the depot at Rockland, one mile from her home. After seeing her sister safely on the train she started back home. When within a quarter of a mile of the house she met Cooper, who addressed her by name, and made an insulting proposition to her. She resented the insult indignantly, and when the negro attempted to take hold of her she stepped back and picked up a stone, which she hurled at him. The stone struck him just over the left eye, cutting the skin to the bone and causing blood to flow freely. The negro, then, made additionally mad by the fierce resistance, grabbed the frightened girl and dragged her about a hundred yards down a ravine in the woods. Halting there, he beat her over the head and face with his fists, bruising and lacerating her tender skin. Then he attempted an outrage. Putting forth all her strength, the girl fought him with a force that would seem more than natural. Evidences of a severe struggle and traces of blood mark the spot. Falling here, the brute dragged his victim another hundred yards. Then he knocked her down and broke a club from a fallen sapling, and told her if she would promise not to tell what had taken place he would let her go home. In her agony and fear she made the promise. The negro then com-



Howard Cooper.

manded her to go to a little stream of water near by and wash her face. She did so. He also washed the blood from his forehead and the blood of his victim from his hands. But the scoundrel did not redeem his promise. He again seized the unprotected girl. He hurled her to the ground with terrific force. She fell upon her right side, bruising her body badly from head to foot. The negro then, before she recovered from the fall, had a club raised over her head, and, calling her by the vilest epithets, said:

"I don't know whether to kill you or not."

He lowered the club lightly on her temple, and then raised it as if about to strike. Just at this moment a faithful Scotch dog, a companion of Mr. Gray's daughters, rushed upon the scene. Miss Gray, with feeble voice, exclaimed:

"Oh, Blanco, is papa coming?"

Cooper then sprang to his feet and ran away. The three places where the negro attempted the assaults are marked with blood and evidences of a struggle. Miss Gray dragged herself home, and arrived there at a quarter past five, having been about two hours fighting with this ruffian. She fell upon the porch exhausted. Blood was flowing from the wounds upon her face.

Immediately after Mr. Gray became aware of the colored man's attempt to outrage his daughter, he reported the matter to Sheriff Knight at Towson. The sheriff summoned a posse and started in pursuit of Cooper, who after a most desperate chase succeeded in capturing the colored fiend, and he is now safe in the jail at Towson.

BARCLAY JOHNSON.

This young man, who, in a crazy fit shot his mother, sister and himself, causing instant death to his sister and himself, was a recent Yale valedictorian and was studying law in this city. He was twenty-five years of age. No young man had better prospects in life. The tragedy occurred near the old American Club House, at Greenwich, Conn. The young student left a letter behind saying he was suddenly seized with



Barclay Johnson.

insanity. His mother lived about six hours after the terrible affair and then passed away. Johnson's father is a prominent member of the bar and is well known in this city.

## THE RIEL REBELLION.

Canada's Untried Militia Stand Up Gallantly Against  
a Horde of Half-Breeds.

[With Illustration and Portraits.]

A dispatch received at Winnipeg from Fish Creek camp, near the scene of the battle, says the troops still occupy the camp pitched on Friday night, which lies about a mile from the battle-ground. Gen. Middleton gave orders to have the remainder of the left division brought across the river. The rebels during the night retired from the position they occupied at the close of the fight, and nothing can be seen of them in the ravine. At 2 o'clock, April 27, there was an alarm, and the troops turned out in less than five minutes. Gunner Ainsworth, of A battery, and D'Arcy Baker, of Boulton's troops, died the night before. Capt. Clark is now expected to recover. It is intended to send the wounded back to Clark's Crossing to-morrow. Two dead Indians were found on the field where the earlier fighting took place. Three others are known to have been killed. Fifty-four ponies in all have been counted on the field and in the ravine. The rebels had eight small rifle-pits and one large one. Several pools of blood were found in these. Fourteen ponies and twenty head of cattle were captured in the ravine yesterday.

The rebels have not been seen near here since the day of the battle. To all appearances they have suffered severely. Word has just been brought in by a scout from the west side of the river that 100 half-breeds had crossed to that side. Thirty teams were sent from Humboldt direct to Batouche, under the impression that Middleton would take that trail. Twenty of Boulton's mounted men were sent to bring them in. Up to the present time they are missing, and it is feared they have been captured by the rebels.

The ravine where the rebels made a stand is in the shape of a V, Fish Creek running west along the bottom. The rifle-pits are at the junction of the arms. At this point there is an almost perpendicular bank covered with poplars. When the Indians retired they tied their ponies in the bottom of the ravine and along the east side. They are piled in heaps. The timber has been literally mowed down.

The garrison division of A Battery, under Capt. Peters and Lieut. Rivers, and some of the Ninetieth, under Captains Rutten and Wilkes, made a charge up the ravine. About fifteen men with Capt. Rivers got up to within twenty yards of the rifle-pits. Cook was shot here, the Indian who shot him being behind his horse, which had been shot. The Indian was shot by one of the battery men.

Though Col. Houghton did his best to get the Ninetieth up, they could not stand the storm of leaden bullets, and both parties returned, the battery going up the face of the bluff and the Ninetieth down the stream as coolies if on parade. Company also did admirably on the right flank. Boulton's cavalry also deserve great praise for their work, and, considering everything, did their best.

It is now known that the troops really won in the fight, though at first they thought the rebels had won a moral victory. One Indian, who was left on the field, came up and danced a war-dance on the bank, and was shot through the heart. Another came up twice. The first time he was taken for one of our men, but the second time he was shot through the brain. Three other Indians are known to have been killed, and in nearly every rifle-pit there was blood. It is expected the rebels will make another stand at Gabriel's Crossing, and another at Batouche. No advance will be made to-morrow. The telegraph communication is interrupted, and messages must be sent or brought down from the camp to Clark's Crossing, a distance of about twenty-five miles, and unless something important takes place the risk is too great to come down every day. No news is obtainable at headquarters, all correspondents being kept in the dark as possible.

MAJOR-GENERAL F. D. MIDDLETON, C. B.

Major-General Frederick D. Middleton is the third son of the late Major-General Charles Middleton of the English army. He was educated at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. He saw his first active service in New Zealand. After the close of the war in 1863, he was sent to India, where he served during the Lanthier rebellion. It was, however, during that critical period for England's empire in the East, the time of the Sepoy rebellion of 1857-1858, that Gen. Middleton distinguished himself. Gen. Middleton, who had become an aid-de-camp to Gen. Lugard, distinguished himself for bravery, where all were brave, and for his gallant conduct at the storming of Bank's house and the Martiniere, he was rewarded with the brevet of major. In the following year he was recommended by Gen. Lugard to Lord Clyde for the Victoria Cross. In 1881, Gen. Middleton came to Canada as major of the Twenty-ninth regiment, sent out here during the Trent affair. After serving for ten years on the staff of Gen. Wyndham, he left Canada on the withdrawal of the British troops. He then received the appointment of commandant of the Royal Military College, where he had studied. In November last, just in time to prevent his retirement under the new rules from active service, he was appointed to the command of the militia of Canada on retirement of Gen. Lugard.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ALDERIA OUTMET.

This officer is in command of the Sixty-fifth (Mount Royal Rifles). The colonel is a prominent lawyer in Montreal, a Queen's Counselor and a member of the Dominion Parliament. The Sixty-fifth is nearly entirely formed of French Canadians, their officers also being French.

LORD MELGRUND.

Lord Melgrund is on the staff of Gen. Middleton. He is private secretary to Lord Lansdowne, Governor-General of Canada, and at an early age entered the Scots Guards. He saw service during the Zulu war, and was also on the staff in Egypt, and was present with the Guards brigade at the battle of Tel el Kebir. He is the son and heir of the Earl of Minto.

LIEUT. ARTHUR E. DOUCET.

This aid-de-camp to Gen. Middleton, Lieut. Doucet, is an officer in the Canadian militia, but his education has been a thoroughly military one. Entering the Royal Military College when quite young, he succeeded in passing for a commission in the army, but he decided to follow the career of a civilian, and was formerly employed on the engineer staff of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

SHE WANTED AN ELIXIR OF YOUTH.

Mrs. George Varley, a wealthy and vain old lady, sixty-five years old, residing in Erie, Pa., addicted to affection of juvenility, has been victimized by a young scoundrel named Eugene Macdonald, who succeeded

in making her believe he possessed the secret of perpetual youth, and that he was many centuries of age himself. Professing to be conquered by her entreaties and tears, he agreed to distill ten drops of the elixir, equal to ten centuries of youth, if she would furnish him with the amount of gold required for melting in his crucibles and retorts at Dunkirk, N. Y. The credulous woman converted considerable property into gold, and also gave him all her gold ornaments. She left her home with him, and stayed at a friend's in Dunkirk, he requiring a whole night to manufacture the elixir in his laboratory. In the morning they discovered that he had left town the night before, and had sent a note hoping that the experience would cure her of her vanity. Mr. Varley recovered his wife the next morning, overwhelmed with humiliation at the fraud practiced upon her.

DANCING WITH OUTLAWS.

Two Farmer's Daughters in Pennsylvania Found  
Merry-Making in a Den of Thieves.

The chase after the Buzzard gang of thieves, who have infested the Welsh Mountains for many years, has developed many interesting stories of mountain life. A farmer who tills a piece of ground on the mountain side missed his two daughters one night last week and search about the farm failed to show any trace of them. They were innocent and very respectable girls, but remarkably well developed for their age. The parents, knowing that they were much sought after by the young men of neighboring farm-houses, supposed the girls were there, but when it was learned that they had been seen going up the mountain in the afternoon the family became greatly alarmed. Midnight came, but the girls did not return, and the mother then remembered having heard them say something about a dance on the mountain-top. Knowing that the only habitation there was the house occupied by the thieves, she started alone up the mountain-side, unarmed and with only a lantern to pick her way along the dangerous path. The morning light was breaking on the horizon when she reached the robbers' den, about which so many romantic stories have been written. There sat her daughters and there sat Abe Buzzard, the leader of the gang, with his rifle at his side. The girls had been dancing all night with the outlaws.

Within the past six weeks more than a score of dwellings, stores and spring houses in the vicinity of the Welsh Mountains have been entered and robbed. The latest victims having been John G. Martin, near Laurel Hill, and Frederick Schupp, of the same locality, whose premises were invaded recently. Lately "Scaley" Smith, one of the most notorious burglars in the mountain gang, was arrested at New Holland, where, filled with whisky, he allowed himself to be captured by a country constable. The leading authorities claim the first right to "hang" on the charge of burglary. The hardware store in New Holland, and vicinity have sold all their revolvers and guns to the citizens, now grown desperate from the repeated outrages. The Grand Jury, in making report to the Court, recommended the County Commissioners to offer a suitable reward for the apprehension and conviction of the same gang of outlaws. Seven of them have already been caught, but are out on bail. Among them was a colored preacher who has been an exhorter at camp-meetings. He was living at the house on the mountains.

CAPT. PHELAN ON HAND, UNHURD.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Capt. Thomas Phelan, of Kansas City, who was murderously backed with a knife by Dynamiter Richard Short, in O'Donoghue Room's editorial den in Chambers street, telegraphed to District Attorney Martine that he would reach the Pennsylvania Railroad depot in Jersey City at 8 o'clock last Sunday morning. Detective Sergeants Von Gerichten and Korman, two of the largest and most muscular men in the Police Department, were sent to await the arrival of the train in Jersey City. They say they saw nothing of the British detectives who are said to have guarded Capt. Phelan all the way from Kansas City. Phelan was accompanied by his son, aged ten. The detectives rode with the captain to the Continental Hotel, where he registered his full name and that of his son.

He lounged about the hotel office in the afternoon, and in the evening called upon several friends. Then he visited the Chambers Street Hospital and thanked the doctors there for fixing him up. The wounds in his right arm have healed, one of them leaving a hollow into which the knuckles of a big man's fist would fit. Capt. Phelan appeared to be entirely indifferent where he went and whom he met. He is said to carry two revolvers of heavy caliber strapped about his waist. He is a fine marksman, and he expressed perfect willingness to take his chances, man to man, with any one disposed to attack him.

Capt. Phelan, accompanied by the detectives, called upon Mr. Martine at 10 o'clock next morning. Inspector Byrnes was with Mr. Martine. There was a conference which lasted half an hour. Mr. Martine told Capt. Phelan that he would expedite the trial of Dynamiter Short in the Oyer and Terminer so that the captain need not be unnecessarily detained in the city.

"It was pure moonshine," said Capt. Phelan after the conference, "to report that I was protected by detectives or shadowed by enemies on my way here. I left Kansas City suddenly, and no one but my immediate family knew the hour of my departure. I never had any other intention than to return here to testify at the trial of Short. The Police Justice, however, in the examination in the Tombs Police Court, gave so many adjournments that I could not wait in the city any longer just then. The fact is that I am a poor man with a family, and it was important that I should be in Kansas City at that time, as the question of my reappointment to the office of Superintendent of the Kansas City Workhouse was likely to come up. I have been reappointed, and can now remain long enough to testify in Short's case."

Capt. Phelan wore a black diagonal suit, with a waistcoat cut low enough to show a pin made of a gold nugget in his shirt-bosom. His resolute face was shaded by a gray felt slouch hat. On his hands were dark kid gloves.

HOCKED HIS IVORIES.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A young man made quite a sensation lately in a Virginia City, Nev., pawnshop, by boldly "spouting" his false teeth for the price of a square meal.



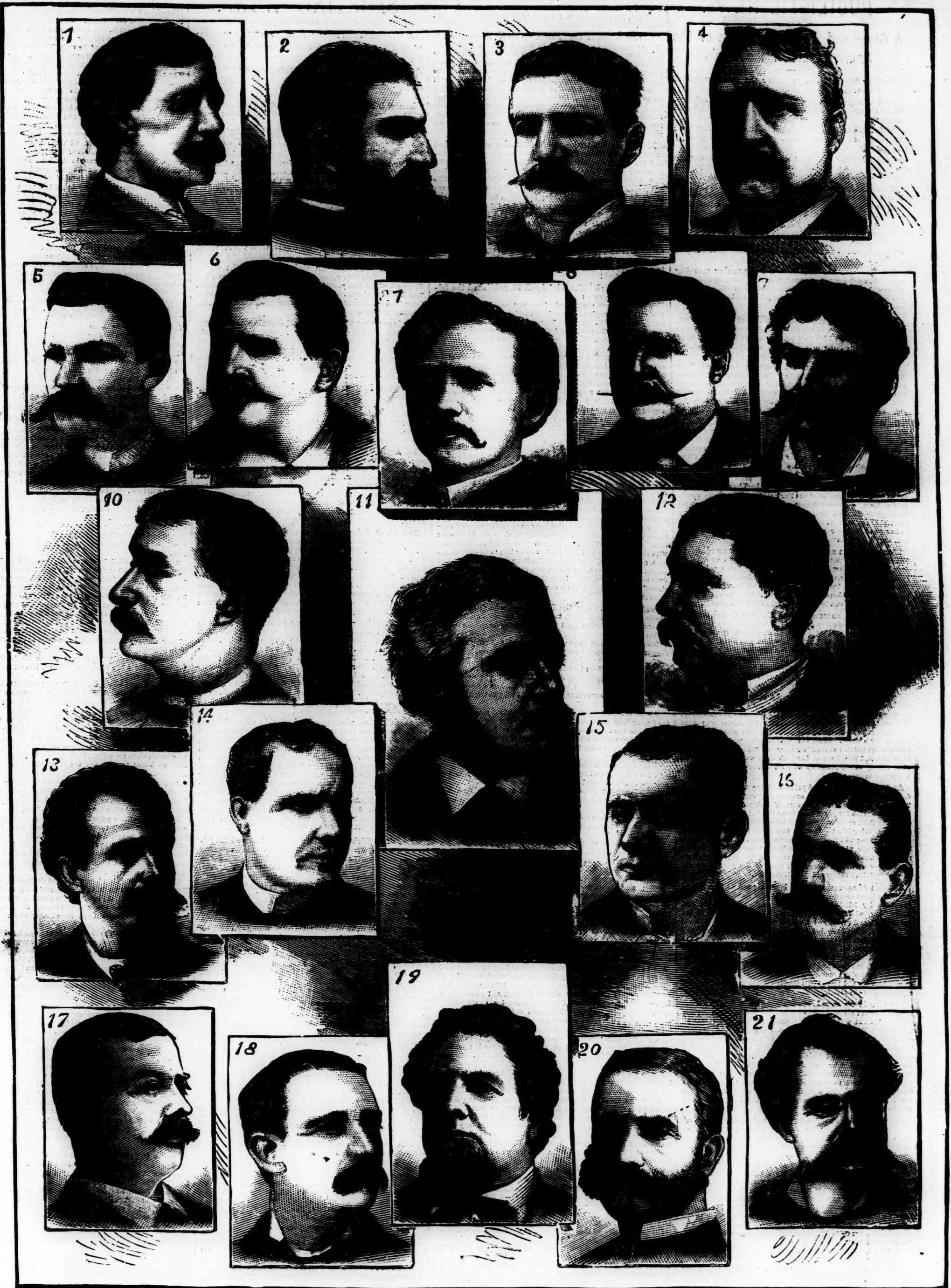


### THE RIEL REBELLION.

CANADA'S GALLANT AND SO FAR SUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO CHASTISE REFRACTORY HALF-BREEDS WITH HER CITIZEN SOLDIERY.

I.—Bringing up Supplies. II.—On the Scout. III.—The Charge. IV.—Major-General Frederick Middleton. V.—Lieutenant-Colonel Alder: Ouimet. VI.—Lord Melgurd. VII.—Lieutenant Doucet.





## NEW YORK MANAGERS.

THE ASTONISHINGLY AND EXCEPTIONALLY HANDSOME BAND OF GENTLEMEN WITH WHOM RESTS THE THEATRICAL CONTROL OF THE METROPOLIS.

I.—Augustin Daly, of the Broadway Theatre. II.—John F. Poole, Niblo's. III.—Edward A. Gilmore, Niblo's. IV.—R. E. J. Miles, Bijou. V.—John F. Donnelly, Bijou. VI.—Tony Pastor. VII.—Michael Heumann, National. VIII.—Harry Miner. IX.—Arthur Wallack. X.—John Hamilton, Mount Morris. XI.—A. M. Palmer, Madison Square. XII.—Richard Dorney, Daly's. XIII.—Gustave Amberg, Thalia. XIV.—Tony Hart. XV.—Edward Harrigan. XVI.—Rudolph Aronson, Casino. XVII.—James W. Collier. XVIII.—Harry Sanderson. XIX.—John Duff. XX.—W. W. Tillotson, Grand Opera House. XXI.—W. S. Moore, People's.



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**His Thoughts, Opinions and Ex-  
pressions on Matters of Sport-  
ing Interest.**

Hanlan, when he returns from Australia, will find a score of challenges awaiting him. His defeat by Beach

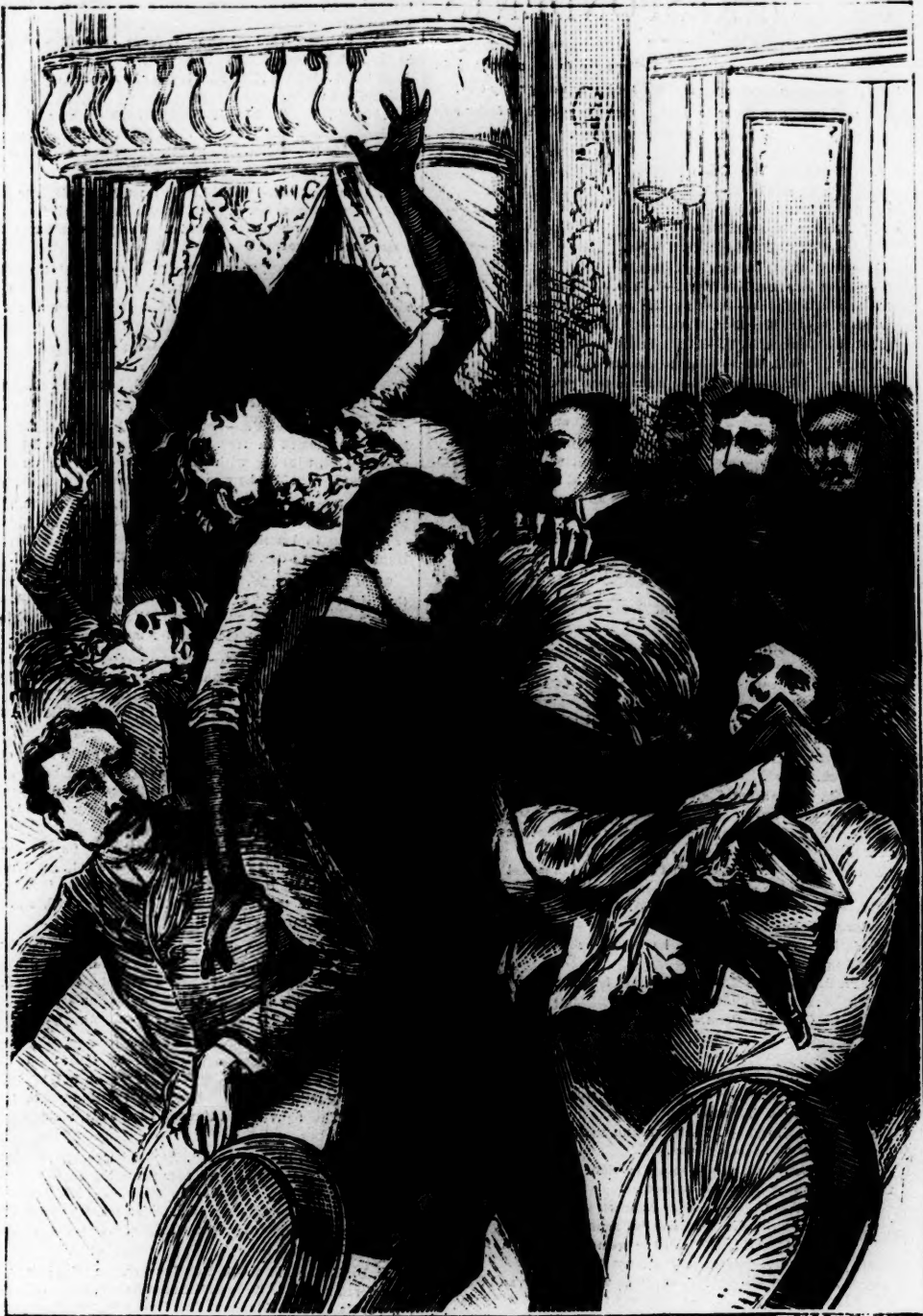
**The Beverly Yacht Club has decided upon the following dates for the season's races:** July 8, first championship regatta off Nahant; July 23, second championship regatta off Marblehead; Aug. 8, open regatta off Marblehead; Aug. 29, third championship regatta off Swampscott; Sept. 9, fall matches off Nahant. Club will also sail three championship matches and an open stakes race off Monument Beach. The dates of these races have not as yet been decided.

Send \$1.00 to this office and paper will be regularly mailed to your address for thirteen weeks.

G. A. B., St. Paul.—Lake Michigan is not so miles at the w

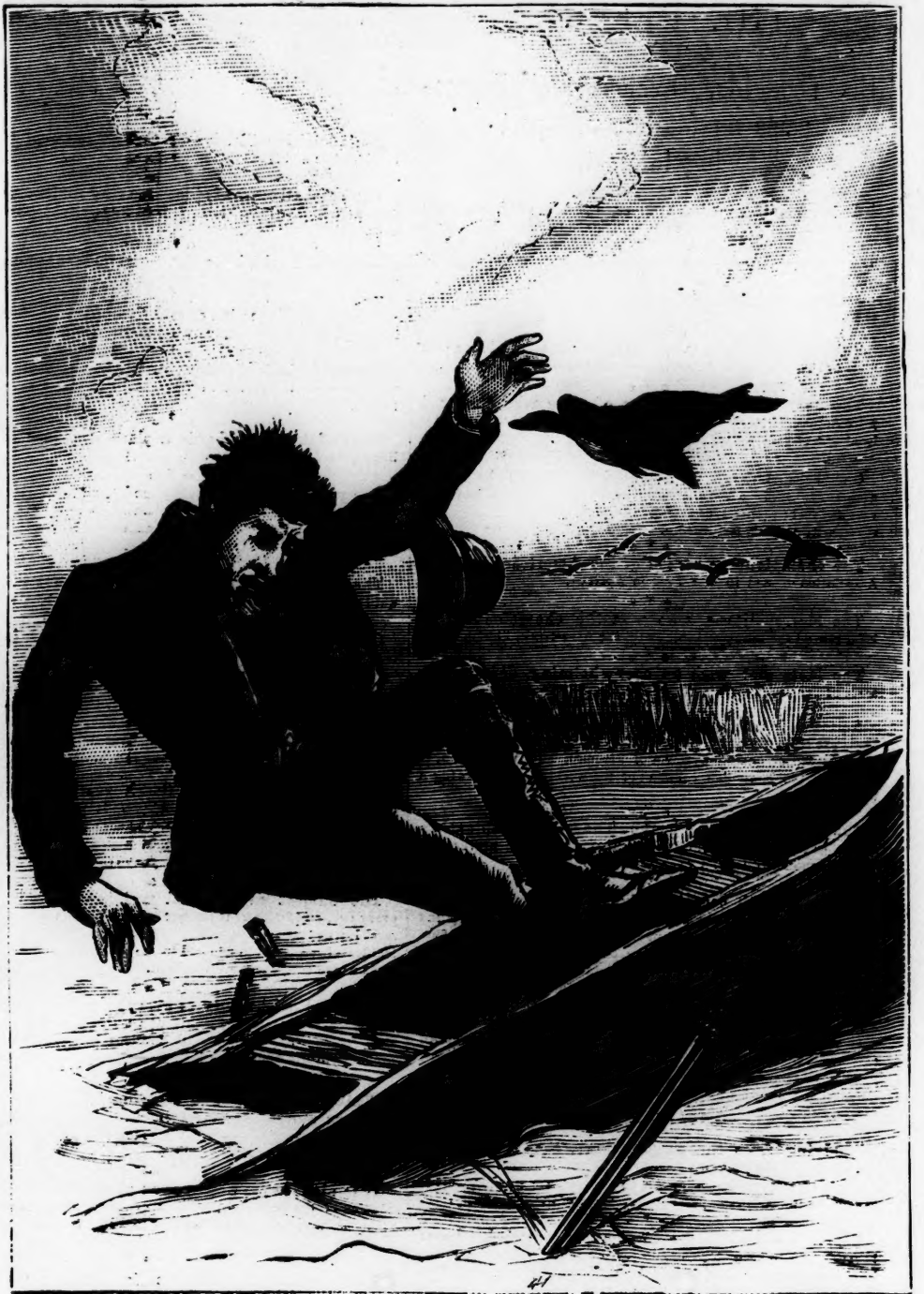
Send \$1.00 to this office and paper will be regularly mailed to your address for thirteen weeks.





GOT 'EM BADLY.

THE DREADFUL EFFECT OF THE ACTING OF CLARA MORRIS ON A LADY AT DALY'S THEATRE,  
NEW YORK CITY.



HIS NEW GUN.

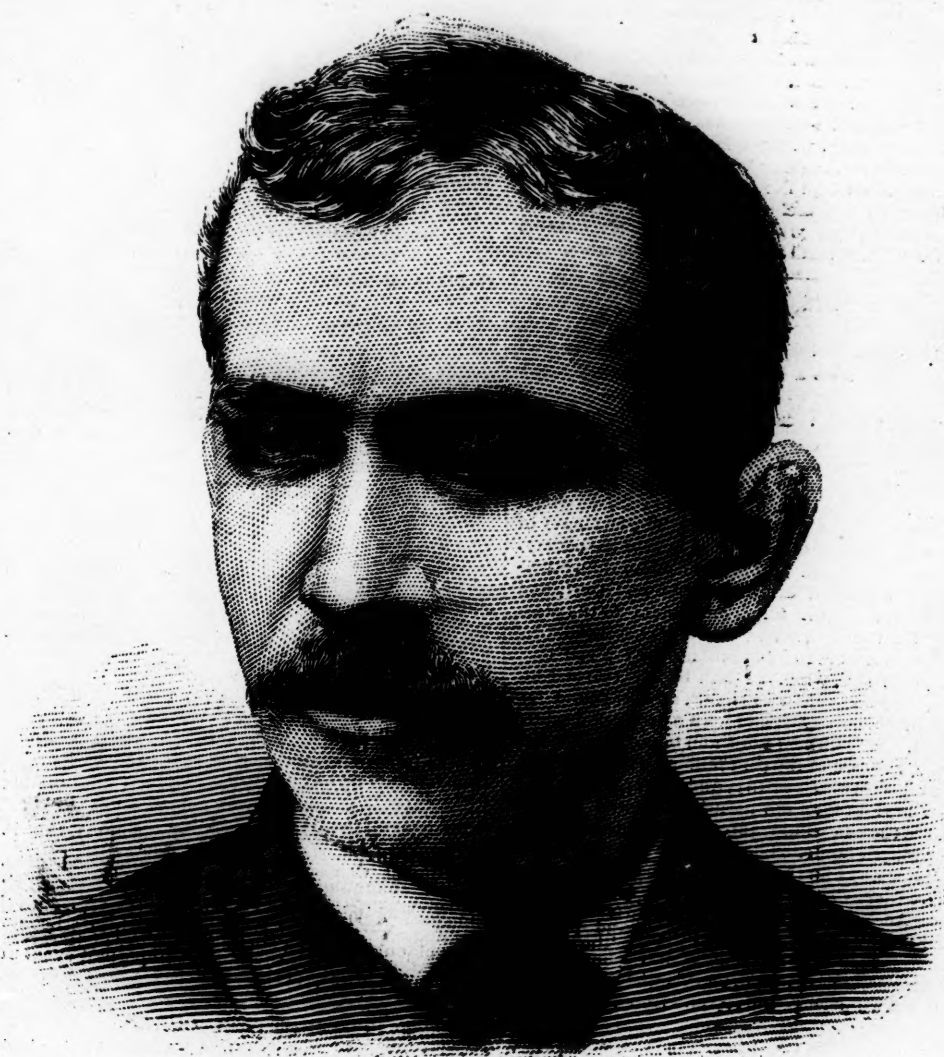
THE AMAZING CONSEQUENCES WHICH ATTENDED THE MONKEYING OF AN INVENTOR WITH A  
NEW VARIETY OF FIREARM.



A NEW BLACKMAILING RACKET.

HOW UNSUSPECTING AND INNOCENT OLD GENTLEMEN ARE INGENUOUSLY AND PHOTOGRAPHICALLY COVERED WITH CONFUSION.





GRANT PARISH.

ONE OF THE BEST-KNOWN AND MOST SUCCESSFUL OF THE WESTERN JOURNALISTS OF AMERICA.

## Grant Parish.

Grant Parish was born in the City of St. Louis in 1862. He is a natural born journalist, having started to write for the press when but fifteen years of age, his first article appearing in

the *Albany Cultivator*. From that time onward he has contributed to the leading daily papers as well as to the sporting and dramatic press of the world. Among his newspaper ventures have been the publication of the *Sporting World* and *Tornado*, the humorous paper. He was editor-in-chief of the *Evening Intelligencer*, of



SHE GAVE HIM A BOUQUET.

ADELINA PATTI PRESENTS BILLIARD CHAMPION SLOSSON WITH A HANDSOME BUNCH OF FLOWERS.

Washington City, where he made the Government officials feel the keen thrust of his pen. As a dramatic writer he is courted by the cream of the profession and stands high in their estimation. He is at present the dramatic editor of the Cincinnati *Sporting and Dramatic Journal*.

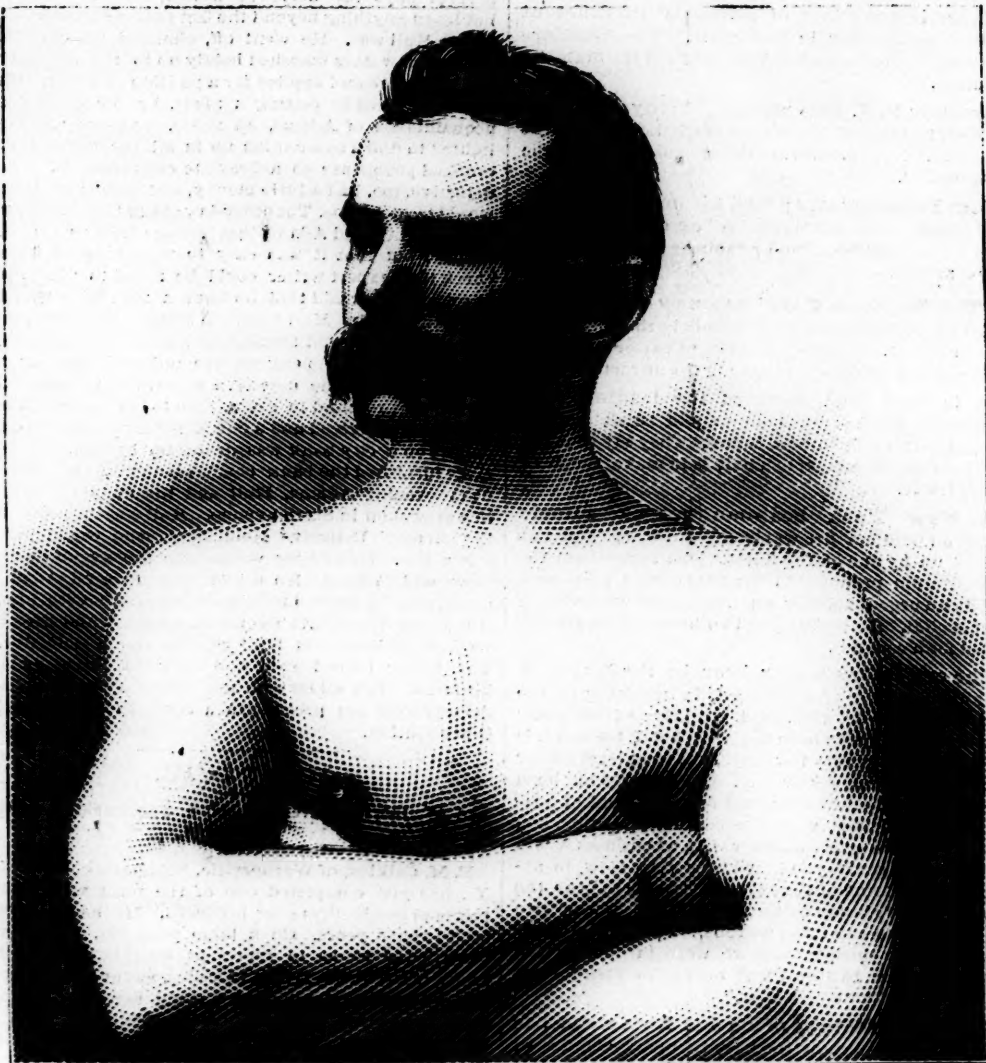
## George Lee.

George Lee, of Newark, N. J., the famous oarsman, is now entered in the New Orleans regatta. Lee will also row in the international single-scull race for the \$5,000 purse offered by Richard K. Fox.



FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH.

A TOMPKINSVILLE, STATEN ISLAND, CONSUMPTIVE LEAVES HIS SICK-ROOM TO SAVE A CHILD'S LIFE.



GEORGE LEE.

THE BRILLIANT AND SUCCESSFUL YOUNG OARSMAN WHO CLAIMS NEWARK, N. J., AS HIS HAILING PORT.



## BEFORE THE BAR.

The Cry for Cheap Beer in the West--  
The Festive Season of Bock Beer--  
The New Excise Act--"The  
Little Side Doors."



HENRY BEERMAN.

Few men have such an appropriate name as our friend Beerman for their chosen profession. Henry seems anyway to have been especially built for the genial calling. His jolly, good-natured face and form is especially inspiring to his customers, who visit his elegant saloon on the corner of Frankfort and Jacob streets, in this city. In this festive season of bock beer Henry's smile is very broad. It recalls many happy hours in that little home across the Rhine a few years ago, when his bank account was much smaller, but his stock of fun was greater.

The Coney Island bars are all open this week.

Bock beer is getting its fine work in on the innocent citizen.

Charley Collins, of the Criterion, is the most bashful gentleman on the "Square."

The Brooklyn ball-players are all training under Jerry Quaid's spirituous influence.

The high-collared schooners are going out of fashion. The cry is for more fluid and less froth.

The new excise act, which will go through the present Legislature, will benefit the dealers more than the cranks.

Capt. John H. Stillwell is rushed to death with Sabbath fishermen at his old-fashioned tavern on the Coney Island creek.

The little side doors are too much for cranks, who swore that even the respectable citizen should do without his Sabbath cocktail in this city.

A lady in Boston recently gave her husband the jim-jams by showing him several crazy quilts she had spent all winter and all his earnings on.

There is great lack of harmony in different dealers' associations in this State. The Williamsburgh society have made a kick and left the State Association.

Brother P. J. Fitzgerald, of Troy, N.Y., the festive president of the State Association, is as silent as a clam. He, however, is doing good work at the State capitol.

Tom Tanagerman opened his new wine-room at 53 Nassau street last week. A host of his old friends gave him a great boom and established the foundation of a cozy cafe.

"The Produce Cafe" is a new and elegant resort for the down-town merchants in the vicinity of Beaver street. A first-class billiard parlor and John A. Huston as manager are among the attractions.

It is said that some of the leading beer-makers in the West are about to join issues and cut the price from \$8 to \$6 a barrel. They say the only way to bring the cutters to a halt is to make the beer unprofitable.

A New York boatman got exceedingly drunk on Harlem fire-water the other day and was picked up by one of the finest. The surgeon at the police station pronounced his case one of poisoning, and on an urgent call for an ambulance was sent to the hospital. He woke up in two hours afterward and called for a cocktail.

The cry is for cheaper beer in the West. A prominent brewer of Cincinnati, in speaking of the war among the brewers, said recently: "I can't say that war has already been declared, but I believe it is certain to be in a very few days, unless at least one or two brewers change their way. Our business has been very light of late. We have all felt confident of a return of good times with the coming of spring, and knew that with warm weather with us business would boom. I can assure you it has been very slow in appearing, and some of the brewers, unable to bear the restraint, have begun cutting. Within a day or two we have lost two or three patrons, simply because they could get beer cheaper than we were furnishing it to them. Unless two or three breweries mend their ways, look out for cheap beer."

The manufacture of alcohol from wood has become an important industry in many counties in Tennessee. Wood, when subjected to a heat of from 400 degrees to 800 degrees, is resolved into charcoal, pyrolytic acid and hydro-carbon gases. The first of these products, carbon or charcoal, is a fixed fuel. The second of these products is pyrolytic acid. This acid is made up of crude acetic acid, wood spirit, creosote, tarry compounds and water. The third division of

wood products is made up of uncondensable hydro-carbon gases. These fixed gases constitute a very valuable fuel. The proportion of these wood products is about as follows: Charcoal, one-quarter of the original weight of the wood; pyrolytic acid two-quarters, and the uncondensable gases one-quarter. To illustrate: A cord of fairly-seasoned wood weighs, say 4,000 pounds. This cord of wood, placed in a charring receptacle and subjected to a proper temperature for, say five days, entirely disappears. In its place we have 1,000 pounds of charcoal, 2,000 pounds of pyrolytic acid, and 1,000 pounds of uncondensable gases. The aggregate weight of these products is equal exactly to the original weight of the wood. By the agency of heat the constituents of the wood have been dissociated, and the immediate recombination of these constituents results in the charcoal, the acid and the fixed gases.

## THEY GAVE THEMSELVES AWAY.

How a Couple of Hungry Detectives Caught on to a Nice Little Job.

Detective Sergeants Mangin and Maguire, of Inspector Byrne's staff, generally work together. They were out early on the morning of April 24, and went into a Bowery restaurant about 4 o'clock to get breakfast. As they were quietly sipping their coffee, they became interested in a conversation which was being carried on by a couple of men immediately behind them, whom they recognized as two well-known sneak-thieves. In the course of the conversation one of them said:

"That was a good trick 'Frenchy' turned off down Broadway Saturday afternoon."

"Frenchy" is one of the aliases of Morris Kane, a well-known sneak-thief, and the detectives resolved to pay him a visit and see if they could find out more about the "trick." He was not at his home, No. 87 Avenue B. They then went to the house of a woman with whom he is known to be intimate, at No. 48 East Fourth street. When they knocked at the door the woman at first refused to admit the detectives, but then reconsidered the matter and "Frenchy" was found in bed.

"We want you for the little trick down on Broadway, 'Frenchy,'" said Mangin.

"How in thunder did you fellows tumble to that racket?" asked the astonished thief.

Without entering into explanations the detectives searched the room and found among a lot of newspapers a pocket-book such as brokers and lawyers usually carry, which contained 500 shares of the capital stock of the Teano Silver Mining Company of Lida Valley, Emeryville county, Nev.; a lot of legal documents and some business cards of W. H. Griswold, a broker of No. 57 Broadway. Mr. Griswold was found by the detectives at his home, No. 335 West Fifty-seventh street. He said that he left his office on Saturday afternoon for a short time and when he came back found that his coat containing the pocket-book had been stolen. When "Frenchy" was safely landed in a cell at the Central Office, Detectives Mangin, Maguire and Murray went to No. 27 Delancey street, where the two confederates of Frenchy lived, and arrested Charles Sumner, alias Simons, alias "Sheeney" Mike, and Philip Stark, alias Stern. In Kane's possession was found a letter from Paul G. Zimmerman, of No. 60 Park avenue, Hoboken, claiming to be one of the heirs of Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines.

At the request of the Washington police, Detective Sergeants Heidelberg, Dolan and Woolridge arrested Henry H. Hull, age nineteen, on a charge of forgery. In the Jefferson Market Police Court, Justice Gorman remanded the prisoner to the custody of the officers. The letter sent from Washington to Inspector Byrnes said that Hull recently forged two checks on a Washington bank and one on a Georgetown bank. The amounts aggregated several thousand dollars. Detective Woolridge learned that a fast set held forth near the New Park theatre. For several days the detective waited, but could not learn anything beyond the fact that the gang knew where Hull was. He went off, changed his clothes, and in a few days marched boldly up to the manager of the theatre and applied for a position as usher. He did not succeed in getting a place, but he made the acquaintance of Adams, an usher. Adams was delighted to find a companion up in all the terms that crooked people use to abbreviate conversation. The detective, too, had a little money, and now and then would treat Adams. The other day one of the detectives in confidence told Adams that he was getting short of money, but that it was easy to raise more with a check if an expert writer could be found to "fix" the check. Adams said that he knew a man who would write the check. Hull was then brought forward and introduced. He said that his means were low and that he would not go into any scheme unless it was for a large amount. The detective consented to make it large and promised to get a man to "lay down" the check. Hull agreed and a check for several thousand dollars on a city bank was drawn up by him. Woolridge furnished the bank check blanks. At 9 o'clock next evening Adams, Hull and the detective met in a grog-shop in Sixth avenue. Hull was introduced to "Sheeney" Detective Heidelberg, who would pass the check. Heidelberg walked up the avenue with Hull and Adams. He asked Hull to send Adams away, that he desired to talk confidentially with him. Adams left them. At Twenty-ninth street and Broadway, Heidelberg told Hull that he was a detective. The forger turned pale and said: "I might have known it. It is all up with me. I will follow." Heidelberg took his prisoner in a coupe to the Central Office Station.

## BEATS THEM ALL.

The Wonderful Invention of a Schoharie County Genius.

E. M. Calkins, of Warnerville, Schoharie county, N. Y., has just completed one of the most wonderful pieces of mechanism ever produced. He has worked on it twenty years. On a large platform, 7x20 feet, constructed so as to represent mountain scenery, rocks, trees, lawns, rivers, cascades, caves and lakes, there are several hundred moving figures of men, birds and beasts. In the center is a life-like facsimile of Washington's residence at Mount Vernon. On the roof are two beautiful figures, carved and painted so as to represent sculptured marble, guarding with drawn swords the historic mansion, while a gilt eagle perches upon the porch. In a room Washington is lying on his death-bed, surrounded by weeping friends. In the kitchen are colored servants at work. In the yard are men sharpening their scythes and chopping and sawing wood. Several incidents connected with

Indian life are vividly pictured. Railway cars are running, and a ship with sails unfurled and laden with passengers floats in a miniature river. Even Noah's ark is represented, with Noah at the head of the procession marching into it, while up on the hill tops surrounding are men and women awestruck at the rising waters. A perfect grist-mill in operation is represented, also a country home, with the father and mother sitting by the fireside, reading by the light of pine knots. The figures are all kept in motion by a small overshot wheel, less than ten inches in diameter. All of the figures were carved with jack-knives. Mr. Calkins having worn out several since he began the work.

## THE OLD STORY.

A Pennsylvania Father Treats His Imbecile Son Like a Wild Beast.

Every few weeks there is brought to light by the authorities of Pennsylvania the case of some poor wretch who, having been bereft of reason, has been subjected to treatment for years, such as would preclude any hope of a return of sense and such as would mean death to any animal but man. The last case of this kind is that of a young man in Monroe county. The matter was brought, more by accident than otherwise, to the attention of Drs. Morton and Ourt, and through them an order for commitment to the State Hospital for the Insane, at Danville, has been procured. The story of the young man's life is a sad one. Twelve years ago, when he had barely reached his majority, the young man was a tall, robust young fellow, full of life and spirit and with a promising future before him. But sickness came and brought with it a defect in the reason of the poor fellow. His father was a farmer but far from wealthy, and after sending his son to an asylum for a few months, he found the expense more than he could afford, and so the maniac son was brought home. Though showing no disposition to harm any one the father concluded to confine him where there would be no possibility of his doing damage. Accordingly a small room in the garret, about ten feet by twelve, was partitioned off and the young man locked up. But one small window lighted the narrow apartment, and even this was boarded up to within a few inches of the top and iron bars placed securely across it.

It was ten years ago that the young man, handsome, vigorous and healthy, but mad—perhaps hopelessly mad, perhaps not—was led to this dingy cell and locked in. Locked in from the free air, the blue sky and warm sunlight. For ten years he has been kept there. Not once have his eyes gazed upon aught but the bare walls of his wretched prison. Furniture there was none, except an old bedstead, and the ravings of this exasperated lunatic soon reduced this to a wreck. Is it any wonder that when found by the doctors only the other day, the former vigorous young man was found to be a shriveled, bent, groveling old man?

Though but thirty-two years of age he looked like a man of sixty. His tall form was bent and his matted hair and beard, which had known a comb or razor not in ten years, gave him a disgusting appearance. He had forgotten what language was. Words were nothing to him. The human form was so unfamiliar an object to him that he glanced at his own shrunken and contorted skeleton and evidently wondered if he were of the same kind of being as the doctors who had come at the end of ten snowy and stormy winters, ten bright and cheering summers—years which had each contained 365 days of misery to him—to remove him at last to a place where at least free air and sunlight would not be things unknown to him. The wretch was in rags and the floor of his room was covered deep with the accumulated filth and dirt and dust of a decade. The father excuses himself by saying that the son was beyond his control and he was forced to lock him up where he could harm neither himself nor others.

## A CONSUMPTIVE'S BRAVE ACT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mark Jonas, of Tompkinsville, S. I., will in a few days be presented with a handsome testimonial by his neighbors. A week ago, while confined to his bed by consumption, he heard the screams of a child. He looked out of the window, and saw that the clothing of Lizzie Taxter, three years old, had caught fire from a bonfire. Her playmates had run away, frightened by her shrieks.

Mr. Jonas, without stopping to put warm wraps about him, and forgetting his enfeebled condition, ran to where the little girl was and, wrapping her in his arms, finally put out the flames. He was himself badly scorched about the hands and face. After the injured child had been carried home Mr. Jonas fainted. The exposure to the chilly air in thin garments and the excitement of trying to save the girl had a very bad effect on Mr. Jonas, and he is now much worse than before. The people who live near him are raising a small fund as a tribute of their appreciation of his unselfish attempt to save another's life. The girl died from the burns the day after the accident.

## CLARA MORRIS EVOKES HYSTERIC.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The other evening Miss Morris gave a very strong and effective performance of her new play, "Denise," in this city. When she reached the climax in the third act, three ladies were suddenly seized with a violent attack of hysterics. One of them especially gave the others considerable trouble and created a very sensational scene among the audiences for a few minutes. They were all assisted from the theatre and taken home.

## SHE GAVE HIM A BOUQUET.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Slosson, the billiard player, was Adelina Patti's instructor in that great science. During the recent tournament held in New York Adelina was a constant attendant, and, on the occasion of her tutor's triumph, presented him with a superb bouquet.

## THE LUCKY MAN.

Geo. A. Spear, the lucky man who drew the \$75,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery, was met by *The Tribune* scribe last evening in the post-office. He has not changed any since the good news came, with the possible exception that his face is now often bedecked with smiles. The wealth so suddenly heaped upon

him has not elevated his head above the common herd, and he talked to the reporter the same as he used to. In answer to questions he said: "I will collect the money through the banks, the same as I would a draft, sending the lottery ticket as a draft. As to my future business, I am not fully decided upon, but I will make no change during this cold weather anyway. I am clerking in the store yet, just as though nothing had happened."—*Bay City (Mich.) Tribune*, March 21.

Geo. A. Spear yesterday received a New York draft for \$74,850, in payment of his claim against the Louisiana State Lottery. The exchange for collecting the \$75,000 was \$150.—*Bay City (Mich.) Tribune*, March 21.

## NEW YORK MANAGERS.

[With Portraits.]

On another page we publish a remarkably effective full-page group of portraits, in which will be found the face of every prominent theatrical manager and treasurer in New York.

## A SKATING MASQUERADE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The roller craze has evolved many phases during its short but despot reign. The latest is the roller-skate masquerade, in which humanity is apt to be curiously mixed up and which, in consequence, is extraordinarily popular.

## THE FASTEST TRAINS IN THE WORLD.

A new schedule of through trains has been put in operation on the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. No such sweeping reduction in running time has ever before been attempted by any railroad, and none has ever succeeded in so nearly annihilating the space between two given points. Under the new arrangement, the New York and Chicago Limited will leave New York at 10:00 A. M.; Philadelphia, 12:20 P. M.; Washington, 10:50 A. M.; Baltimore, 11:50 A. M., arriving at Chicago 10:00 A. M. the next morning, making the running time from New York 24 hours, Philadelphia, 21 hours and 40 minutes; Washington, 23 hours and 10 minutes, and Baltimore, 22 hours and 10 minutes. The inauguration of the new schedule will not only mark an era in the history of the great corporation, but will prove a most important event in the railroad history of the world.

## CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

## PROPER PREPARATION FOR CHOLERA.

First, thoroughly cleanse and disinfect all offensive and infectious places in and about the abode, so that nothing but pure oxygen may be inhaled into the system. Second, keep the person and apparel clean, and then fortify the health against any insidious chance impurities by prudent prescriptions of DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKY, and no fears need be harbored in any mind. The best physicians strongly endorse and recommend this treatment as safe and sure. All reliable druggists and grocers will furnish it at \$1 per bottle.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

## IMPORTANT TO ADVERTISERS.

As a national advertising medium the POLICE GAZETTE is unrivaled. Subscribers bind the GAZETTE, and the advertising is so placed that it must be bound in the volume, thus giving it a permanent value.

Specimen copies mailed upon request. Prompt attention paid to inquiries and correspondence. Estimates submitted upon application. A trial, as a test of value, is solicited.

## ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements..... \$1.00 per line. Reading Notices..... 2.00

Copies for advertisements must be in by Wednesday morning in order to insure insertion in following issue. The POLICE GAZETTE has 16 pages, of 4 columns, measuring 14½ inches each, and 2½ inches wide.

ALL AGATE MEASUREMENT. EIGHT WORDS AVERAGE A LINE.

No Discounts Allowed on Large Advertisements or Time Contracts.

No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display.

During the continuance of an advertisement, the paper is sent regularly to all advertisers. Cash should accompany all orders for transient business in order to secure prompt attention. Address all communications

RICHARD K. FOX,

New York

## PHOTOGRAPHS.

Notice to Sporting Men.—Life Size Pictures of Charles Mitchell, the champion pugilist of England, will be furnished by John Woods, the well-known theatrical and sporting photographer of 208 Bowery, N. Y. The portraits of the champions are all copyrighted, and can only be furnished by John Woods, the POLICE GAZETTE photographer.

12 Photographs of Female Beauties; in Cabinet Cards, 25c.; 5 sets, \$1.00. McGILL, 304 Henry Street, N. Y.

20 Photographs of Female Beauties; in cabinet cards, 25c.; 5 sets, \$1. Box 178, Phila., Pa.

20 Spicy Photos from Nature (new), 10c. (silver). Secured. ACKER CARD CO., Foxboro, Mass.

Seek and find! To agents only, 20 scenes, 10c. (silver). New from life. Box 391, South Framingham, Mass.

R. H. Photos of Females from Nature (new), 25c. H. J. HELTON, 479 Third Avenue, N. Y.

53 R. H. Photos inside of playing cards, \$1; samples, 10c. Box Ton Novelty Co., Foxboro, Mass.

Photos for gents only. Sure to suit. Two for 10c.; 12 for 50c. BREKMAN & CO., Latham, Ohio.

## JEWELERS.

D. Keller, 24 John Street, N. Y. Manufacturer of Medals. Special designs will be furnished on application. A large assortment of American Watches in gold and silver cases. Also a full line of Diamonds at the lowest cash prices.



## MISCELLANEOUS.

**B** Athletic Shoemakers, 100 and 201 Canal St., N. Y.





### WAR TO THE DEATH.

TWO BEAUTIFUL BUT RECKLESS YOUNG CREOLES OF LOUISIANA FIGHT A DUEL WITH RAPIERS IN ONE OF THE QUIET SUBURBS OF NEW ORLEANS.